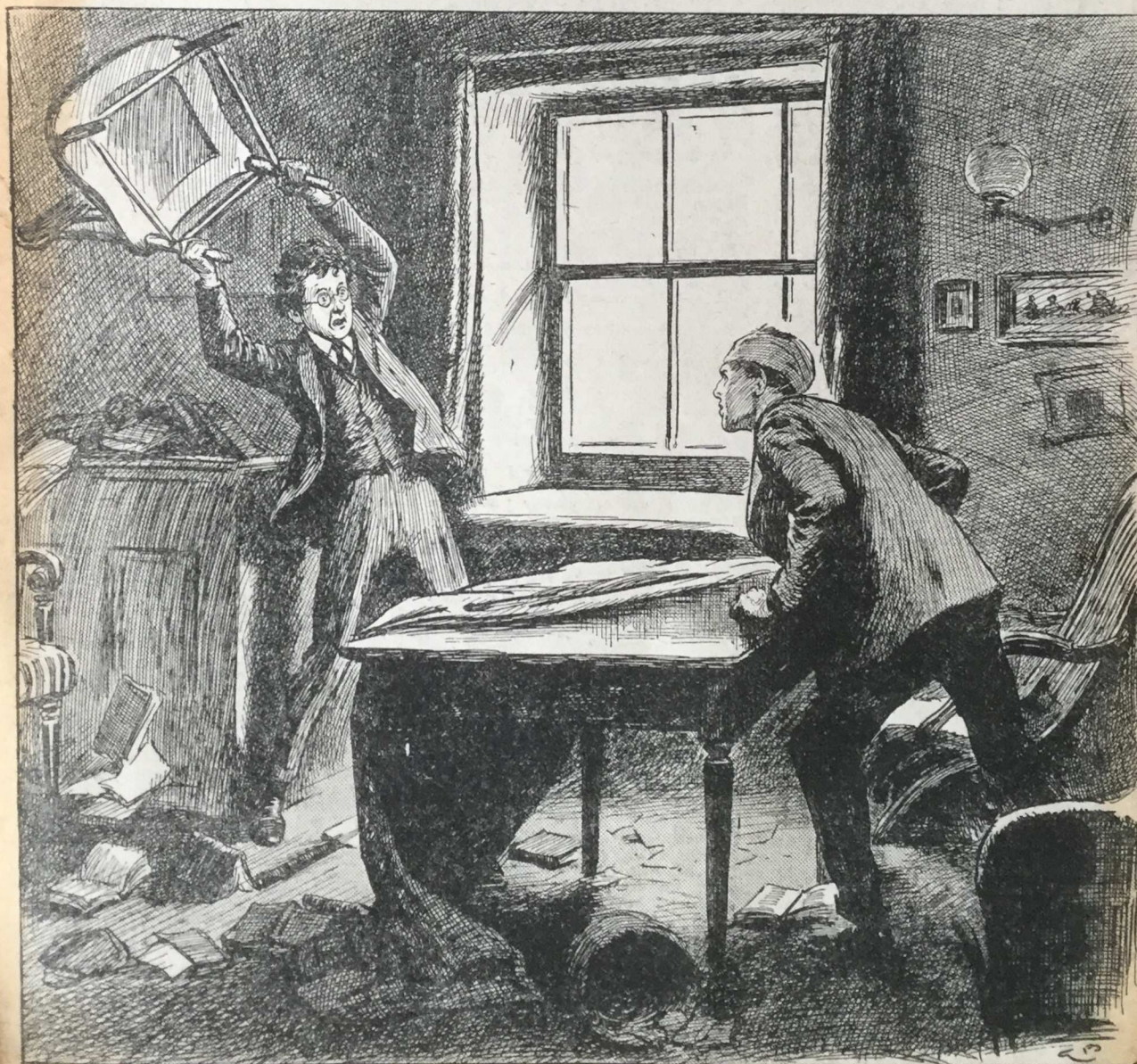




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"GRABBING HIS CHAIR I SWUNG IT ROUND MY HEAD." (See page 122.)

CHUMS TO THE END.

*In Another's Shoes
at School.*

By TOM H. FOWLER,

Author of "The Troubles of Tutt, Bunny, and Quipp," "Another of the Name," etc.

CHAPTER XIII

Lorrimer Duck's Warm Corner.



"COME! Pull yourself together, old chap. How did it happen?"

Oliver Spurr put the question.

Lorrimer Duck did not immediately reply. He was scant of breath and thoroughly scared. He still believed that he had just escaped from the clutches of a maniac.

His collar was burst, his many pockets turned inside out, and for the first time in the memory of Willowfield, Lorrimer Duck could not have produced a scrap of paper

the size of a postage stamp.

"How did it happen?" he panted. "Oh, sudden—very! I'd barely begun to write when up went the window. I was grabbed by the hair and the coat-collar, hauled into the study, and tossed into a corner with as little ceremony as if I'd been a—sack of potatoes!"

"Didn't he explain at all?" demanded Oliver. "Madmen don't explain, Spurr, and Cadleigh was insane. I saw it in his wildly-rolling eye! Of course I recognised it as an emergency, and, knowing the proper thing to do, I made up my mind to humour the maniac.

"Seeing that my half-made note, which he had snatched almost before he snatched me, was regarded by the fellow as a precious thing—he was as pleased with it as he would have been with a ticket for the circus!—I told him how gratified I was to find that he was sufficiently interested in my work to invite me to his study, though I'd rather have gone round by the door.

"I asked him if he would like to see other specimens besides the one he had—er—borrowed—with quite unnecessary rudeness. The idea pleased him, Spurr—pleased him so much that I was sorry I threw out the suggestion.

"He wanted to see all my gems at once, and in his eagerness to assist me he tore out one of my pockets altogether, and badly strained another couple.

"At last he had all my papers, every scrap, on the floor before him. Then, Spurr, he had a sort of a—placid interval. He played with those bits of paper as children play at shops. I took advantage of this—er—placid interval to try the door. But it was locked, and Cadleigh had the key in his pocket.

"It doesn't take much to please a disordered mind, Spurr. In playing with those papers Cadleigh discovered that the torn edge of one piece fitted in with the torn edge of another, and he chuckled in such a manner that I almost decided to try the window without troubling to raise the sash!

"Then the placid interval passed, and Cadleigh had a—what's the word?—oh, yes, paroxysm! He had a paroxysm! I gathered from his ravings that he wanted a third piece of paper to fit in with the other two.

"When I told him that I had no more he looked so dangerous that—still humouring him, y'know—I told him the missing piece, perhaps, was in Randall's possession!"

Oliver Spurr wheeled round and gripped his chum by the arm.

"You told him that?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Of course!" returned Lorrimer.

"Oh, you—you—you ass!"

"Why ass?" demanded Lorrimer Duck.

"No one with an ounce of brains would have said that!"

"Oh, well," returned Lorrimer, "you ought to know, for you said it to me."

"You're right, Lorrimer," said Oliver, after a pause. "There's a pair of us, and a nice mess we've made of things between us! But go on. When you told him that Randall had the missing piece, what did Cadleigh say?"

"Nothing!" returned Lorrimer, grimly. "Cadleigh had done with saying, and wanted to do! He had, oh, such an awful—what was it?—paroxysm! He chased me round and round the table. I was a trifle the quicker at diving under it, but he must have caught me in the end if I hadn't done the right thing at the right moment.

"Grabbing his chair I swung it round my head. Cadleigh saw at a glance what I meant to do. That chair was going through the window, and I was going to follow it at the earliest opportunity. He might stop me carrying out the second half of the programme, but I reckoned that the first half would make more noise and attract more attention than Cadleigh would like.

"And I was right, Spurr. Cadleigh indulged in a second placid interval. He dropped violence, and took to cunning and downright deception. He actually tried to persuade me that he was not mad at all, and talked a lot of tommy-rot about 'amateur theatricals' and 'rehearsing his part,' and that sort of thing.

"He took the key from his pocket, and opened the door, and I didn't stay to thank him. He pointed to my papers on the floor, but there's one thing an author thinks more about than of his work, Spurr, and that is the opportunity to go on living. I left 'em! Cadleigh might have had another paroxysm, and—well, an author may be famous when he's dead, but that's no proof he wouldn't be happier alive."

"And Cadleigh let you off so easily?" asked Oliver.

"Well," returned Lorrimer. "he certainly made one condition before he opened the door. He made me give my word that I would not breathe a word of what had happened to Randall. I promised faithfully that I would say nothing—to Randall. You, of course, may do as you like, Oliver."

"Thanks!" murmured Oliver Spurr. "I will! I'm off!"

And he hurried away to find Randall, and report what he regarded as his "dismal failure."

"Please myself!" he muttered. "Won't I just! Cadleigh's a fellow who will stop at nothing, and Randall shall at least be warned. Each has something the other wants, and there's going to be trouble. If it comes to a fair, stand-up fight—Great Horatio!—won't Cadleigh catch a Tartar!"

There was some excuse for Lorrimer Duck's opinion as to the state of Cadleigh's mind. If that youth was not exactly "mad" he was near it.

He was still sitting where Lorrimer had left him, biting his nails and staring gloomily at the blank wall.

"Hugh Randall has it!" he whispers hoarsely to himself. "Randall, the son of that ferret of a lawyer who has sworn to clear Proudlock, and will do it! He suspects its value! Maybe he knows its value!"

For many minutes he sits glaring at the wall. What rascality is in his mind? Suddenly he starts. Then slowly he rises, crosses to the desk, and takes something heavy from one of the pigeon-holes.

When Cadleigh and Randall meet will it be "a fair, stand-up fight?"

CHAPTER XIV.

An Unexpected Visitor.

"ONE minute, Mr. Binnacle! Is this to be a fact, y'know, or merely a yarn?"

Mr. Binnacle, surrounded by half-a-dozen juniors, was leaning against the parapet of the old stone bridge over the Wend.

Randall and Slim had paused for a moment to hear a little of the yarn demanded by the eager and expectant youngsters.

The old salt rubbed his poll reflectively before replying to Oliver Spurr's question.

"Well, Master Spurr," remarked Mr. Binnacle at length, "I'd thank ye not to be in such a mortal hurry. 'Ow'm I to classify the thing afore I knows 'ow it's a-going to turn out? It may develop into a yarn, but at present it ain't nothin' more'n a ordinary fact."

Oliver Spurr turned to the assembled juniors. "Satisfactory, eh?" he jerked out.

Apparently it was so, and Mr. Binnacle was allowed to proceed.

"Well, young gentlemen," he began, "when I was bosun o' the *Bouncing Beauty* we was becalmed one day off the mouth of the Limpopo when up came a storm. They comes sort o' sharp an' sudden in them there parts.

"We knowed wot was coming by the first puff, which was a fair sample. It took all the skipper's 'air off his head—"

"Yarn! yarn!" yelled two or three at once.

"Fact yet," grinned Mr. Binnacle; "it was a wig! Before you could say Davy Jones, the full force o' the wind struck the ship an' she rolled over an' over—"

"Oh, here, I say!" protested Toby Trott.

"—the waves like a drunken man on a slide," continued the sly old fellow, with a quiet chuckle. "Our tow-rope creaked an' strained—did I tell ye as two days afore we'd baited the anchor with a pig, an' hooked a nimorous fish—"

"Size?" demanded Digby.

"Well," protested Mr. Binnacle, "if it's going to come to sizes it's more'n likely it'll come to a yarn, gentlemen. Say a 'undred yards long—"

"That won't do," said Trott.

"Very well," said Binnacle, obligingly; "say fifteen foot! Yes, fifteen foot long by five yards thick—"

"Why the fish would be as broad as it was long," somebody pointed out.

"Just so, gentlemen!" admitted Binnacle, unblushingly; "it was a round 'un! A nimorous round fish, fitted with nimorous round fins all the way round it, an' it was spinning like the wheel of a motor-car as it towed us up the Limpopo at a nimorous rate, when the storm—Gentlemen!" he suddenly broke off, gravely, "this is developing into a yarn! Well, as I was a saying, our funny finny tug was spinning along when—"

Mr. Binnacle stopped abruptly, and the light of battle gleamed in his eye as his audience was increased by one, in the person of his old enemy, Police-constable Caesar Jubb.

For once in a way, Mr. Binnacle did not open the attack. This was rashly done by Mr. Jubb, who suffered accordingly.

"Knocking 'oles in the truth again, Mr. Binnacle?" he remarked, severely.

"Well," responded Mr. Binnacle, "I was a-going to spin these young gentlemen a yarn, but you needn't get uneasy, Mr. Jubb. It was a yarn, an' not—ha! ha! ha!—not a tale about a little brown bag wot changed into a couple of bricks at the touch of a wizard in blue! He! he! That story's too good to spoil, Mr. Jubb, an' I don't tell 'em it above five times a week! I've got them bricks glided, Mr. Jubb, if you'd like to 'ave a look at 'em! An', I say, have you caught any young Proudlocks lately?"

Mr. Jubb's effort to preserve his dignity was like Binnacle's fish, "nimorous!"

"No, Mr. Binnacle," he replied, freezingly; "I ain't! But it may interest you to know as I'm still on his track."

"It do!" chuckled Mr. Binnacle. "It also amouses me, Mr. Jubb."

"I repeat, Mr. Binnacle," said Caesar Jubb, "I'm on his track. Moreover, nevertheless, an' notwithstanding, so is Bodkin!"

"An' who is Bodkin, Mr. Jubb?" asked Binnacle.

"Detective-hinspector Bodkin, Noo Scotland Yard. Come down on purpose, an' he's taking up a clue supplied by me—me, Caesar Jubb."

"Sort o' badly handicapped for a start, ain't 'e?" murmured Mr. Binnacle. "Did ye find that clue in the tool-house or the creckit-bag, Mr. Jubb?"

Mr. Jubb simply ignored the question.

"Bodkin's sharp! Bodkin's clever!" he went on. "E can disguise himself so clever that—that 'e don't know himself!"

"Seem to 'ave 'eard o' that chap," chuckled Binnacle. "Disguised himself as Captain Webb, an' so far forgot himself as to swim the Channel, didn't 'e?"

"Couldn't swear to that," said Mr. Jubb, cautiously, "but it's like 'im! 'Owsomever, Bodkin's on the job, an' young Proudlock'll be caught within a week or Jubb'll never be a sergeant. We simply must 'ave the young 'un now the old 'un's escaped!"

Escaped! Little did Mr. Jubb suspect how interesting his remarks had suddenly become to certain of his hearers! Almost had one boy betrayed himself.

Slim gripped his arm only just in time, while Oliver Spurr, quick to grasp the situation, set about obtaining further information.

"Escaped, Mr. Jubb?" he remarked, calmly. "The Farborough police must be duifers." "Oh," explained the constable, "what I means is John Proudlock's got off. Magistrate's of opinion that no jury would convict, an' 'e was discharged this morning."

"Acquitted, eh?" "Not sufficient hevidence to convict," corrected Mr. Jubb.

Then Solomon Slim took a turn at "pumping" the constable.

"Then the son, Mr. Jubb?" he began. "Why should he be wanted now?"

"Why?" ejaculated Mr. Jubb. "Why? Because the Farborough police 'as just woke up to a fact wot's been staring Cesar Jubb in the face from the very first. Paul Proudlock, the son, is the real villain o' the piece!"

"Indeed!" "There ain't no manner o' doubt about it," went on Mr. Jubb. "Mebbe it can't be proved as the father knew about, but it can be proved as the son forged that note an' walked off with old Morrison's jewels in a brown leather bag, marked 'P. P.'"

"Moreover, nevertheless, an' notwithstanding, it can be proved as three days before the robbery old Morrison was silly enough, in answer to a polite request for it, to send 'is ortograph to Paul Proudlock! See?"

"Oh, lots of fellows collect autographs," said Slim.

"But lots o' boys don't cash 'em!" said Mr. Jubb. "An' Paul Proudlock do! 'E makes a reglar practice of it, for 'e did the same thing only yesterday!"

"What?" gasped Slim, now genuinely surprised. "More forgeries!"

"One," went on Mr. Jubb. "As I says, old Morrison sent 'is ortograph, an' lost 'is jewels. About the same time a Mr. Cummings sent 'is ortograph to the same boy, an' yesterday there was a cheque cashed at the bank which Mr. Cummings knowed nothin' whatever about. 'Owsomever, it cost 'im forty-eight pound odd. Now, ain't that coorious?"

Slim made no reply. A moment later, taking advantage of the fact that Binnacle and Jubb were once more exchanging opinions, he slipped his arm in that of Randall and the pair strolled off together.

They had much to talk about, and yet neither spoke for some minutes. It was Randall who broke the silence.

"No jury would convict!" he repeated, as if speaking to himself. "I don't like it, Slim! It smacks of the 'Not guilty, but don't do it again!'"

"Never mind that for the present, old chap," returned Slim. "He's free, at any rate. Free to set about establishing his innocence. John Proudlock and Wallace Randall are a combination to be reckoned with yet at the other end. Meanwhile, at Willowfield, there's work for Randall and Slim—not forgetting Oliver the Loyal!"

"Did you notice the little beggar when he heard the result of the police-court proceedings, Randall? His eyes danced with delight, and, though he spoke no word, the cock of his head as he glanced at you asked as plainly as could be: 'Satisfactory, eh?'"

"About this Bodkin, though," he continued. "I fancy I've heard the detective's name before. If he's half as smart as Jubb thinks he is he may make things unpleasant. And those autographs, Hugh? How much truth is there in Jubb's story?"

"A lot," was the reply. "Paul Proudlock certainly wrote for and obtained the autographs of both gentlemen. He still possesses them, but the idea that he—Hullo!" he suddenly broke off, "a stranger, and evidently awaiting us!"

The stranger, a middle-aged little gentleman of respectable appear-

ance, had suddenly turned out of a by-lane, and now, a dozen yards away, awaited the approach of the chums.

"Excuse me," he began, in a curious, high-pitched tone, "Willowfield boys, I presume?"

"Yes, sir!" returned Slim.

"Ah! then you will no doubt assist me in my little difficulty," went on the stranger. "The fact of the matter is I've a nephew at Willowfield School, and I wish particularly to see him. Owing to unfortunate family differences, I have not seen the lad for eighteen months. Being in the district, however, I thought I would pop over and see him. And what do I find? It is a half-holiday, and the boys are scattered all over the county, seemingly. Now, could you tell me where I should be most likely to drop across him?"

"With pleasure, sir," returned Solomon Slim. "But first, y'know, we must have his name!"

"How silly of me!" ejaculated the little gentleman. "How very, very silly! Of course you must have his name. It is Randall—Hugh Randall!"

(To be continued; commenced in No. 779.)

SYNOPSIS—CHAPTERS I.—XII.

OLIVER SPURR, of Willowfield School, learns of a bank swindle involving the loss of a case of valuable diamonds. Oliver is fax to Cadleigh, the son of the junior partner of the bank, and he is cycling back to Willowfield with the news when he meets a boy who proves to be a new pupil bound for the school. The last mentioned is carrying a small bag bearing the initials P. P. He is telling Spurr his name, and has got as far as Paul Proudlock—when he is interrupted by a motor bicycle tearing along the road. The cyclist, with the words, "Read and destroy," hands the new boy a letter, and then rides away. Having read the note, Spurr's rescuer in a strange voice asks him never to mention the name he has just given him, and adds that although he will probably do and say many strange things at Willowfield, there is nothing dishonourable about his past. Oliver promises to stand by him to the last.

Spurr tells Cadleigh of the bank swindle, and learns that Proudlock is the name of the manager who has been arrested on suspicion. Later, in welcoming the new boys, Dr. Dellingham, the Head, calls for Paul Proudlock. There is no response, and then Spurr hears his new chum answer to the name of Hugh Randall. He is wondering what it can all mean when Cesar Jubb, the village constable, followed by Binnacle, the handy man of the school, strides into the room, and declares that he bears a warrant for the arrest of Paul Proudlock, suspected of complicity in the bank fraud. It is pointed out to him that the boy has apparently not arrived at the school.

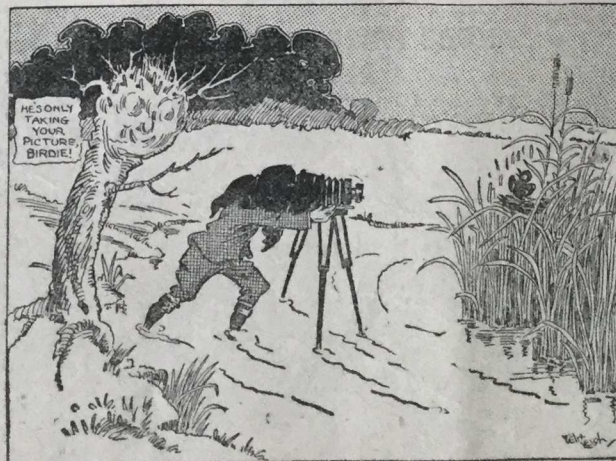
Later, Randall remembers that he has left his bag with the initials P. P. in his study and dashes off to hide it. The bag, however, cannot be found. Hugh's study is shared by Solomon Slim, another new boy, extremely tall and of extraordinary character. After discussing with Hugh some of the points of the bank fraud, Solomon suddenly discloses the fact that he knows Hugh Randall to be Paul Proudlock. Next morning the long is returned to the study with the initials altered, and Randall learns that Spurr has remembered his promise and thus helped him, at the same time playing a trick on Mr. Jubb, to the great delight of Binnacle.

Lorimer Duck (called the "Pillar of Learning"), who is writing "What To Do and When to Do It," worries Spurr to give him some paper, and Oliver supplies him from Cadleigh's study. Later, at a football practice match, Randall and Slim distinguish themselves. This causes Cadleigh to lose his temper, and in trying to foul Slim he injures himself by dash'g his head against a goal post. A few days later Cadleigh tells Spurr that he has lost an important document, and instructs him, should he find it, to return it unread. After a disorderly lesson in Class Room III, Oliver picks up a scrap of paper when Lorimer Duck has used for one of his notes. But on the other side of it is a fragment of writing which Spurr considers important. He shows this to Randall, who declares that "in all probability it is the key to the mystery," and asks him to try to obtain the other pieces. Spurr seeks out Lorimer Duck, and the latter goes off to fetch some of his pencilled notes from his study. On his way, however, he has an inspiration, and stops to write something on another piece of paper using the window of Cadleigh's room as a support. Cadleigh, who has been feverishly hunting through his belongings in search of the missing document about which he had spoken to Spurr, sees a hand pressing a fragment of paper against the glass, and on the paper he reads words which cause his knees to knock together.

FIRST SPORTSMAN: "Who wrote 'Birds of a feather flock together?'"

SECOND SPORTSMAN: "Some idiot who had never been out shooting."

Surmised.



The Young Bird (as enthusiastic Photographer's Naturalist 'gits the d-r-p' on him): "MERCY, THAT FELLOW MUST BE GOING TO SHOOT ME WITH A GATLING GUN!"

That was All.

In a small provincial town the clerk to the magistrates is much addicted to flowery legal language, and the rustics brought before the Bench are often quite aghast when they hear their offences set forth by him.

On one occasion a young labourer had struck another youth, who had summoned him for the offence, and when the case came before the magistrate the clerk read the indictment as follows:

"That you, Edward Jones, wilfully and with malice aforethought and prepenze, did assail, attack, assault, beat, batter, or otherwise maltreat one William B—, with intent to do the said William B— bodily harm, mischief, or injury, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"What! Doin' all that?" exclaimed the astonished offender.

"Yes; guilty or not guilty?"

"Why, I only punched Bill's 'ed!"

Into the Abyss.

THE Maelstrom is the name of a terrible abyss, dark as night, at the end of a long avenue in the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. For a long time this pit remained unexplored. A celebrated guide who had faced death a hundred times was offered a hundred pounds to make the descent. He refused.

One brave man attempted the descent, but his courage gave out when he was a hundred feet down, and he was drawn up to safety.

At last a young man of iron nerves and sinews determined to explore the Maelstrom. The company provided him with a long rope of great strength, and with some heavy timbers, and a party of friends lent their assistance.

First a rope weighted with a large fragment of rock was let into the pit and swung about to dislodge loose pieces of stone. Then the explorer tied the rope about his body, took a light in his hand, and was let down by six men into the abyss.

Masses of loosened earth and rock whizzed past, but none struck him. A cataract rushed out of an unseen opening, and he was afraid the spray would put out his candle, but his care prevented it. For one hundred and ninety feet he was lowered, and then he touched bottom.

He found himself in a circular pit eighteen feet in diameter, out of which a small passage led into a fine chamber covered with exquisite formations. When he had seen all he wanted he shouted to his friends, and made them understand that he wished to stop when part of the way up, to investigate a cave he had noticed. Reaching the opening, he swung himself in with great exertion. Untying the rope, he unfortunately let it slip, and it swung out apparently beyond recovery. The situation was fearful; his friends could do nothing, and for a long time his efforts were in vain.

At last, by making a hook of his lantern and reaching out at a perilous angle, he managed to secure the rope.

When he was about ninety feet from the top he heard a horrified exclamation from his friends, and discovered that the rope had taken fire from the friction, at a spot hard to reach. Only a ready can of water saved the daring explorer from a fearful death. He was drawn up, calm and self-possessed; but the strain on his friends had been terrible, and one, a professor, when the danger was over, fainted away.

"Oh, let us go for a stroll along the cliffs, I cannot stand sitting."

"Neither can I."

Mrs. B—: "Do you think Tommy disturbs our neighbour with his drum?"

Mr. B—: "I'm afraid so; the man next door made him a present of a nice new knife to-day, and suggested that Tommy should cut open the drum and spend 'the money that is inside.'"



SIR EVELYN WOOD says that experience has shown him that the most valuable gift is not cleverness, but ability to work with perseverance and determination.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, the famous painter, was educated at a private school in Bloomsbury until he was sixteen. Before he was seventeen he qualified for the Royal Academy schools.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT, the novelist, is very fond of astronomy, and his study in his Scottish home is fitted up as an observatory. He generally gets up in time to watch the sun rise, and then works on to breakfast time with his typewriter.

MR. EDWARD TERRY was in the City before he decided, at the age of nineteen, to go on to the stage. In his first pantomime engagement he wrote all the songs, half the libretto, and played the chief part at a salary of less than a pound a week. He played eighteen new parts a week, and wrote comic songs which he sang himself.

KING EDWARD made his first speech in public when he was ten years of age. He was visiting Newcastle with Queen Victoria, and thanked some member of the Corporation for presenting him with a handsome paper-cutter. His first official speech as Prince of Wales, however, was delivered at Shorncliffe when he was eighteen, just before he set sail for Canada.

MR. H. W. LUCY, the well-known journalist, was intended at first for commercial life, and he says that if his parents' wishes had been carried out he would be now a very indifferent clerk in the hide and valonia business. He decided that he preferred newspaper work, and after teaching himself shorthand, he looked out for an opening on the Press. He answered advertisement after advertisement for months, until at last his chance came.

MARK TWAIN is said to have written an amusing letter to Mr. Carnegie, the millionaire, some time back, in which he asked him for a contribution of one dollar and fifty cents from his enormous income. "When I was a young man," he said, "my mother gave me a hymn-book, which I faithfully used. It is now, thanks to my efforts, worn out, and I think it should be replaced, and you are the man to do it." He added, however, an anxious postscript, saying: "Don't send the hymn-book; send the one dollar and fifty cents."

DR. MACNAMARA, M.P., speaking at the distribution of prizes to boys of the training-ship *Exmouth*, invited them to make an acrostic motto from the word "Prize," a motto which they could follow there and in after life. "What stands for the first letter, 'P'?" he asked, and a number of boys shouted, "Punctual." The other letters were treated in the same way, and then a small boy came forward by request, and gave the whole result, "Punctual, regular, industrious, zealous, enthusiastic." "Yes," said Dr. Macnamara, "those are the essential qualities for men or boys."

DR. JOSEPH JOACHIM, the great violinist, who died recently, was born of Jewish parents near Presburg, in Hungary. He had a small fiddle of his own before he was five years old, and three years later performed at a private concert, astonishing everyone by his powers. Indeed, one paper wrote: "This clever boy will one day create an epoch in the art world, and it will be gratifying to us to have been the first to contribute to the spread of his fame." Joachim came to London in his thirteenth year. He was then a gawky lad, with a grim, short-sighted expression on his thick, somewhat heavy features.

Down the Pipe.

A FEW years ago a fire occurred early one morning at a boarding school, and as the staircase was well alight before it was discovered, the pupils had to seek some other means of escape.

The companion to an elderly invalid lady was reading the newspaper report of the fire to her, which stated that several boys escaped down a water-pipe at the back of the house.

At this statement the old lady exclaimed: "But how thin the poor dears must have been!"

Up-to-date.

IN MOSCOW (says a traveller) I saw a little child crying miserably one afternoon. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls and gestures of despair soon brought a big crowd around him.

"What is the matter, my child? What troubles you?" everyone said.

The boy paused finally. He looked at the crowd which he had caused to assemble. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble:

"I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Troubetapoy, the chaepanion clothier, who has just got in his new stock of winter overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats, and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than any one else in the city."

For Winter Months.

IN the autumn (a naturalist recently said) the birds and beasts of the countryside occupy themselves in preparing their supplies of winter clothes and bedding just as human beings would do.

And by their winter clothes (he continued) I do not mean merely the extra thick suits of fur or feather, but all kinds of artificial rugs and blankets, which they manufacture themselves.

Take, first, the water rats, which are famous blanket makers. They fill their lairs in autumn with sheets of the grey vegetable down that grows on various plants in the marshes and by the banks of rivers and brooks. Their beds are often composed of the soft heads of reeds that have been dried and ripened by the autumn sun, with rushes and vegetable down for bedclothes.

Then there are the field mice, which make their winter beds with layers of dried grass and dead leaves. They are also fond of a few stray feathers and moss, but most of all they prize the white fluff of a kind of grass which makes for them a luxurious mattress. Curiously enough, they do not care for sheep's wool or the hair of any animal, warm as it would be.

Weasels, on the other hand, despise feathers, and are partial to hay and also dried thistles (a prickly sort of bed one would suppose). They hunt for wool or hair, and, when they have collected sufficient, weave it up with the hay into a very snug bed.

MORE PRIZES FOR CHUMS ABROAD.

IN connection with our recent "Map" Competition, we made a special offer of Twenty Handsome Volumes for the best Maps sent by readers residing outside the British Isles, the ages of the competitors being, of course, taken into consideration.

We were gratified by the large number of really excellent Maps received from abroad; and to mark our appreciation of so much meritorious work, we are awarding TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES instead of the Twenty promised.

Here is the list of winners:—

25 HANDSOME VOLUMES.

S. Rutherford, 87, Berea Road, Bertrams, Johannesburg, Transvaal; N. D. Griffin, Wellington, New Zealand; S. L. Rao, Marimallapp's High School, Mysore, India; C. L. Hudson, 426, Punt Road, South Yarra, Melbourne, Australia; H. W. Hurst, Mount Vernon, 2, Mill Street, Cape Town, South Africa; W. E. Baker, 5, Church Street, Montreal, Canada; E. Clarke, Belvidere Street, Bromhead, P.O. Box 412, Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa; N. Whitlock, 238 Fourth Avenue W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada; E. B. G. Naidu, M. M. H. School, Mysore, India; J. Turner, Marden Road, Paynham, South Australia; P. Eckel, 57, Woodford Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.; E. M. Koch, Victoria Terrace, Police Station, Calcutta, India; H. A. Osborn, Marlborough College, Marlborough, Wiltshire, England; J. A. Hendry, Gordon Oosthuizen, Vogelstruëlengte, Cere Colony; A. Hendry, Gordon Oosthuizen, Vogelstruëlengte, Cere Colony; A. Hendry, Gordon Oosthuizen, Vogelstruëlengte, Cere Colony; S. A. Vijayalakshmi, Dharmaraja College, Kandy, Ceylon; J. Mortimer, 81, South Street, Richmond, Melbourne, Australia; G. Morrison, 5, Main Street, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony; M. A. Rao, Marimallapp's High School, Mysore, India; A. E. Du Toit, Altwal North, Cape Colony.



THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE DUNGEON.

(A Long Complete Story.)

"IT is all very well to say that the British are suzerains over all India, but no one can tell what goes on in these wonderful palaces of native princes, who are not the least little bit less cruel than—"

"Hark! What was that?"

Jeff ceased his discourse. He exchanged stares over the camp fire with his brother. Both listened intently, but the only sounds which reached their ears were the far-away call of the wolf pack hunting, and the whisper of the ten-foot jungle grass that fringed a swamp.

"You are nervous to-night," laughed Jeff.

"Nervous or not," answered Hal Forsyth, "I've an uncomfortable sensation that we are being tracked. We are in forbidden country now, and the Maharajah of Pimpore may not be pleased."

"Pleased? If Shere Vihara gets hold of us and learns what we are in his territory for, I'm afraid our lives will not be worth a pin's head."

Hal looked apprehensively into the darkness, then drew a little closer to the fire. He knew there was a good deal of truth in his brother's words. The Maharajah, who was notorious for certain infamous cruelties which the Government had politely suggested had better be stopped, detested the British rule, and entertained a deadly hatred for his suzerains. His loyalty was a thing very much to be questioned, and it had long been suspected that he was planning mischief. He was a very powerful prince, and the matter called for extreme delicacy of treatment. Captain Dick Forsyth, the father of Jeff and Hal, had made an offer to penetrate the Maharajah's court in the guise of a Hindoo. It was an undertaking fraught with peril, for the prince would have no European within ten miles of his palace.

"You may go," the officer was told; "but if you do not come back it is understood that we cannot go and demand you with a couple of guns. You take your life in your hands."

The captain went—to learn what he could of the treachery of Shere Vihara and his deep-laid conspiracies.

That was six months back. No news was heard of the officer, and at last Jeff and Hal determined to enter the forbidden territory in an attempt to ascertain what had become of their father. Just now, by their camp fire, they were considering on what bold motive they might enter the palace itself.

"Disguise is out of the question," said Jeff; "and as— He completed the sentence with a howl of "Murder!" and reeled forward, missing the fire by a hair's-breadth.

"Someone hit me between the shoulders!" gasped Jeff, snatching at his revolver.

Both boys stepped a few feet into the surrounding gloom, but could see nothing. They had built their fire at the foot of a tall tree, and there was a natural clearing for half a dozen yards round. It was hard to understand how anyone could have approached, dealt the blow, and darted off without being seen.

"You must have imagined it, old fellow," suggested Hal.

"Oh, indeed!" cried Jeff, with angry sarcasm. "Let me hit you on the back with the force of a battering-ram, and then tell you that you imagined it! If my spine isn't permanently injured for all time—"

At that moment Hal interrupted with a yell of fright. There was a sound like the falling of a steam hammer, and Hal shot forward and went down heavily. In an instant he was on his feet, staring round wildly.

"It—it hit me!" he cried. "What on earth—"

"Merely imagination," said Jeff calmly. "I tell you my back is broken! I— Good heavens!"

The exclamation was warranted. They had both been standing in the circle of firelight, clutching their revolvers, looking round for their mysterious enemy. Suddenly Jeff was jerked off the ground. A howl of terror left his lips as he hung, suspended, five feet above earth!

To Hal the mystery was immediately cleared up. It was an immense python which, concealed in the tree over the fire, had reached its great head down and struck the blows. And now it had thrown its coils about Jeff's body.

Hal dashed forward. He saw the firelight shine on those enormous coils, thick as a man's thigh, and gorgeously coloured; then he fired three shots at the flat head.

He could not miss at such close quarters. The reptile's coils unloosed, and its prey dropped limply to the ground. For a few seconds the python thrashed the branches in its agony, then the long body hung stiff and motionless.

Jeff crawled to his feet, dazed by the narrowness of his escape, and breathless from the effects of the great pressure round his body.

"Are you hurt?" said Hal, anxiously.

"No—not much—if my ribs are sound and my heart isn't squeezed out of shape. But—but what a pity you had to fire. The sound may draw someone."

"Hark!" whispered Hal again.

II.

"Who should be watching us?"

"I don't know, but I wish to goodness there hadn't been any need to fire off that pistol. Do you know, Jeff," added Hal, as they resumed their places by the fire, "if Shere Vihara is the monster of cruelty they say he is, we can't play a too wary game? I have heard some fearful tales about him."

"He is rich, even for a native prince," replied Jeff, poking the fire with a boot heel. "There is a famous curtain which divides two chambers in his palace, and which consists of gold threads of infinite fineness upon which are strung resplendent jewels. What do you think of that? What a place to loot! Some years back a British Tommy got the idea into his head that he knew how to secure one or two of the Maharajah's diamonds. A servant got him into the palace one night. He was missed for a week; then a native passing by a dry well heard groans coming out of it. He gave information at the barracks within a mile of the spot, and help was immediately forthcoming. The man was lifted out, nearly dead. He said eventually that he had fallen into the hole, but it was strongly suspected that he had been flung down there to die by inches by Shere Vihara's orders. If the pater has fallen into the power of this fiend—Hullo! what—"

Hal had made a spring of great suddenness and agility into a black patch of shadow, and in a moment he and something else were rolling over and over upon the ground. Jeff rushed to his aid, and together they managed to overcome a Hindoo, naked save for a loin cloth, and his body smeared with coconut oil.

"I was certain someone was on our track," panted Hal. "What do you want, you beggar? Answer, or I'll blow your brains out!"

The speaker, of course, had no intention of keeping his word, and the Hindoo knew it apparently, for he maintained a sullen silence.

"We must let him go," whispered Jeff. "He won't come near us again."

"We shall know you next time we see you, my friend," said Hal, warningly. He released his hold, and the fellow, jumping up, vanished in the darkness.

An hour later the brothers stretched themselves out by the fire, and the only other disturbance that happened was a wild buffalo who went crashing through the swamp brake with a tigress hanging to his withers.

They had travelled far that day and slept long into the next. Many hours of it had passed when they had completed the morning meal, and they were consulting as to the nature of their next move when a distant trumpeting and sounds of a considerable commotion reached their ears.

"It is a procession of some sort," said Jeff. "and it is coming this way, too. We must not be seen."

"By George!" Hal exclaimed. "It must be

Shere Vihara himself! There are three elephants with howdahs, and men in 'em. One is gorgeously caparisoned."

"An early morning tiger hunt," said Jeff. "Keep back, for goodness sake."

A crowd of beaters came before the elephants, which crashed their way through every obstacle. An occasional cobra darted from before them, and a tribe of grey apes flew up into a tall tree with chattering cries of rage.

The foremost elephant held what was evidently the prince. A thick black beard adorned his chin, and in the turban, which was rolled low down over his forehead, gleamed a magnificent ruby.

Suddenly, without the least warning, a full-grown tiger broke like a bolt from the cane-brake and hurled itself at the Maharajah's elephant. The latter gave back with a sort of scream, lifting its trunk high in air to avoid those tearing claws. Its rider acted with splendid presence of mind. Down came his rifle, and a bullet shattered one of the tiger's shoulders.

The yellow beast dropped back, snarling frightfully, and retreating into the dry grass until it was within half a dozen yards of the



"THE MAN WAS LIFTED OUT, NEARLY DEAD."

concealed youngsters, who by no means relished this unexpected turn of affairs. The procession halted, everyone seeming to await the prince's orders. They were unusual. At a word to his mahout, or driver, the elephant knelt, and the Maharajah dismounted. Holding his weapon in readiness, he advanced slowly into the brake.

The boys scarcely dared to breathe.

Then, with a nerve-shattering roar, the yellow brute rose at its enemy. Bang! went the rifle, but failed to stop the charge. The prince leaped aside, tripped, and fell. In a moment the tiger was upon him.

Jeff and Hal acted simultaneously—without thought. Leaping out, they placed their revolvers almost against the struggling brute, and shot it through the head. It expired immediately.

Shere Vihara rose to his feet, his gaze fixed upon the boys in an expression of the utmost astonishment. His attendants had come hurrying up and stood about the youngsters.

At that moment a man came running up, broke through the throng, and advanced towards the Maharajah, flinging himself at the prince's feet. Hal and his brother exchanged glances. The man was the fellow whom they had caught spying.

He said a few words to Shere Vihara, on whom, now that he had risen, he fixed a bold gaze that was almost insolent. The prince listened. His brow grew dark; his eyes flashed. In a low, stern voice he answered;

"Be it so. My life or not, if you speak truly, Doola Singh, they shall die, and thou thyself shalt choose the manner of their end. Take them to a dungeon. Your head answers for their safety."

III.

The dungeon was lighted by a single opening quite beyond reach. It was an evil hole, and evil-looking things rustled up and down its green walls and scamped over its reeking stones.

"What do you think of it?" groaned Hal.

"I think that his Highness the Maharajah of Pimpore is the most ungrateful rascal that ever crawled," answered Jeff, moodily.

"I don't know. He wouldn't have consigned us to this place but for Doola Singh. It is my opinion that Doola Singh is one of his spies, and that he has been tracking us for some time to learn something about us. He may have heard us mention our father's name, and that, of course, would put Shere Vihara on his guard—if he has incurred any guilt in that direction, which Heaven forbid!"

"My opinion exactly," replied Jeff. "The only—Hullo!" The exclamation was caused

by a falling piece of paper that fluttered past the speaker's eyes and dropped at his feet. Jeff picked it up. It contained a message, which the boys managed to translate into:

"Have courage. A friend is looking after your safety."

"That is encouraging," said Hal. "But what friend can we possess in a place like this?"

"He stands before you, sahib," answered a quiet voice.

The boys spun round in astonishment.

Doola Singh was regarding them with a calm smile.

"Where on earth did you spring from?" gasped Jeff, for the door of the prison had remained closed.

"There is not a room in this palace that has not its secret entrance," replied Doola Singh. "But to none are they known save to my master and lord, and to me—his guardian and adviser."

Recovering from their surprise, the boys were now filled with deep distrust and suspicion. "You call yourself our friend," said Jeff. "How can that be when, by your advice, his Highness has placed us here? Speak the truth, and deny it not: thou hast followed us—perhaps for many days, to spy upon us."

"It is true."

"Ah! And yet—"

"Listen to my words. That paper in your fingers I sent. I repeat the words I wrote there—I am your friend. You surprised me at your camp fire, and the grip of your fingers

I yet feel at my throat. But that is past. Why should I wish to help thee? For my dread lord's sake. What will he bring upon his head but evil should he keep or kill thee here? I can set thee free, and will; but I ask one thing."

"And that is?"

"That thou trustest me fully. Why art thou here? What is thy purpose?"

Jeff glanced at Hal. They shook their heads.

"We cannot trust thee, Doola Singh," answered Jeff.

An expression of rage passed over the Hindoo's face, but he answered calmly:

"As thou wilt. Unfold thy heart or not, remember that it is in my power to give thee to a frightful death."

With the words he crossed the dungeon, and he must have pressed some spring which the boys could not perceive, for the heavy door rolled slowly back, revealing a very narrow stairway of iron down which not more than one man could descend at a time. Doola Singh passed through, and the door crashed heavily behind him.

"Trust you, you black scoundrel!" said Hal, aloud. "It is clear that he is a good deal worried as to our mission here, and would give his eyeballs to learn the truth."

"His head may depend upon it," said Jeff. "But you are right. I would sooner trust a boa-constrictor than—"

"Hush!"

Hal had caught sight of a strange thing happening. One of the stones of the walls was slowly swinging back. It was through this opening that Doola Singh must have entered; but now a much more unexpected visitor stepped through. Was it the Maharajah himself?

The manner of his appearance was still more strange. In one hand he held a very long coil of light rope. In the other a couple of pistols. The inmates of the dungeon regarded him in growing amazement. He raised a hand to enjoin silence, then tossed the rope to the ground. His next action was to unwind his turban. Drawing his beard under his chin he covered it with both hands; then, stepping close to the boys, he looked at them fixedly.

Jeff felt himself turning pale with emotion. Was it possible—could it be—

Before he could put his astonishing thought into words, his brother broke the silence.

"Father—is it—is it you?"

IV.

"Y boys!" said Captain Dick Forsyth, gripping their hands.

Still holding them, he went on quickly:

"We have not a moment to lose. Listen carefully to what I have to tell you. I am suspected only by one in this accursed palace, but that one is dangerous. His name is Doola Singh. It was to lull his suspicions that I sent you into this dungeon. He is for ever watching my movements. The real Maharajah, his master, lies in a worse dungeon even than this, and immediately beneath us. Who put him there? I did."

"I obtained admission to this palace three months back as a Hindoo fortune-teller. From the first I observed the strong resemblance between me and Shere Vihara. I saw that, if I allowed my beard to grow, the likeness would become yet more remarkable. I did so, though with no clear intention in my mind at the time. The only other person who noticed this strange fact was Doola Singh, Shere Vihara's spy. He began to watch me. Discovery seemed imminent, and I meditated flight. But he must have communicated something of his suspicions to his master. One day the Maharajah asked me to follow him. Unaccompanied he conducted me, trembling, to a deep-down dungeon—the lowest in the palace. Watching me narrowly, he asked how I liked the place. Suddenly it flashed upon me that he had read my secret—that he knew me for an enemy, and that he was playing with me!



"I had to act instantly, or I was lost. I turned upon him, and with a blow from my fist between the eyes I knocked him senseless. As I stood looking down at him the idea of impersonating him occurred to me. I felt sure that, if I were only arrayed in his garments, no one without cause for suspicion would discover the deception. In a few minutes I had clothed myself in his turban and robes, and closed the dungeon door upon him. With my own hands I have managed to secretly convey food and water to him since then. No one suspects that Shere Vihara is immured in one of his secret prisons."

"My stay at the palace had made me sufficiently acquainted with its routine, and the prince's way of living, to help me to continue the deception. But I have always felt, while seeking for a means of getting away, that Doola Singh regards me with deep suspicion. Yet he dare not speak, for a word from me would cost him his head. Still, I soon perceived that any attempt on my part to leave the palace secretly would bring about my undoing. Now that you have come, however, I dare not delay one more hour. We must get away at once—"

"Fool, thou art too late!" cried a mocking voice.

The evil face of Doola Singh showed at an opening in the roof of the prison. It was instantly withdrawn.

"He has heard everything!" cried the captain. "Shere Vihara will be free in a few minutes!"

"It is all over, then," said Jeff, very pale.

"But we will sell our lives dearly," said Hal, and he picked up the revolvers.

"Stop!" exclaimed Captain Forsyth. "We must abide by the plan I had in mind when I came here, only we have less time to act, that is all. Follow me!"

He crawled through an opening in the wall. It led to another dungeon, similar to the first, save that in the centre of the damp floor was a circular flag to which a rusty iron ring was attached. Exerting a strength born of the dire need of the occasion, the captain wrenched away the stone, disclosing what looked like a black pit. Peering down, the boys saw what seemed a dull light shining upon water.

"It is our only chance," said the officer, swiftly. "This tower of the palace is built on either bank of a river. That is the river which you perceive down there. A deep dive—very deep, it is true. One by one we must take it. You, Hal, shall go first. Strike out with all your strength, and do not rise until you feel you are clear of the tower, or you will be drowned like a rat in a trap. Once free of the masonry, and you will be all right, for the river has shelving, high banks, and is not guarded. I shall fasten this cord round your body. If you land safely, give it three jerks, and I will draw it up. If, after forty seconds, you do not give the signal, I shall know that you are drowning under the tower, and we will pull you in. Now—go!"

Hal stood for a moment poised on the edge of the circular pit. His courage sank as he looked into the abyss from which the lapping of the deep water issued; then he set his teeth, and down he went into the darkness.

A terrible pause ensued. Unless Hal succeeded in swimming under the tower, the party would be lost. Then, to the great relief of the others, the cord was jerked violently three times. The slack rope was at once drawn in. Captain Forsyth turned to Jeff, round whose middle he tied the cord.

"Go!" he ordered.

At that moment the noise of a great tumult in the palace penetrated even to the dungeon. The worst had happened. The Maharajah was free, and was coming to take his revenge.

"You will not have time! I will stay with you!" cried Jeff.

"Over with you!" shouted the captain; and Jeff dived.

Holding the other end of the cord, the officer waited in an agony for the signal which was to tell him that the swimmer was safe. It did not come. The captain groaned. Was Jeff struggling for air down in those black depths? He was on the point of hauling in the rope when it was jerked three times.

"Thank heaven!" said Captain Forsyth.

In another moment he would have dived in himself, but at that instant a furious uproar

rang out in the neighbouring dungeon. A grim smile crossed the officer's face. One voice rang out above the others in threatening rage. It was that of Doola Singh. Captain Dick Forsyth waited just three seconds—he would give himself no more, but they were enough. With a bound like a tiger Doola Singh leaped into the dungeon, and his next spring took him straight for the captain's throat.

He was met by a pistol ball, and he fell backwards, uttering a terrible cry. The next moment and the officer had dived.

The black water closed over his head. Down and down he went, then struck out with all his strength. Once he rose, but found himself still imprisoned. He dived a second time, and then, when his heart was almost bursting, he saw a brown blur of light filtering down overhead. He shot to the surface clear of the tower, to find Hal and Jeff waiting to help him ashore. Only a minute's breathing time was allowed, then the three entered the water once more. A strong current took them swiftly away; night was falling; they heard the sounds of pursuit in the far distance, but they succeeded in reaching the jungle, and plunged into its perilous but concealing depths.

The Maharajah of Pumpore never set eyes on the prisoners again.

Instead, he later on received from the British Government a sternly-worded hint that a nice little conspiracy which he had been anxious to bring to a head had been discovered, and that he must at once drop such dangerous play or be prepared to give an account of himself. Shere Vihara writhed under that rap over the knuckles, and it was certainly a very good thing for Captain Forsyth and his youngsters that, at the time, they were entirely safe from the Maharajah's clutches.

Cured Them.

The party of youths, whose enthusiasm for new crazes had led them to discard hats, passed down the street followed by the gaze of the other pedestrians.

Their hair was as close cropped as if they had been in prison, and although the sun was frightfully hot, they defied it to do its worst.

"Well, I declare," said an old lady, in an angry tone, "I don't care what they've done or 'ow bad they've been, it's a disgrace to the nation to make them boys from the Reformatory go bareheaded on a hot summer day like this. And maybe some of them have done nothing, but are only orphans."

And then five shame-faced youths slunk into an adjacent hatter's shop and ordered coverings for their heads.

"Who's e'?"

A TALL gentleman in morning attire, looking like a country squire, was accosted by a one-armed beggar. He looked the latter over, and then kindly said:

"How did you lose your arm, my man?"

"Well, it's like this, sir," was the reply. "The last time I went to sea, we was caught in a cyclone off Cape 'Orn. The ship went over on her beam-ends, so the cap'n, 'e orders me and Jim to go out on the yardarm to keelhaul the bo'sprit, an' ter splice the jib-boom to the mainmast. I was a-'angin' on to the top-gallant rattlins, when Jim suddenly let go 'is end, an' I was pitched forty feet into the hold, an' broke my arm."

The gentleman laughed, but gave him nothing, and said as he went on his way:

"That's a capital yarn. You ought to have been a sailor."

The discomfited beggar watched his late interrogator with a malevolent expression, then saw a crossing-sweeper touch his hat most politely to him.

Going up to the sweeper afterwards, the one-armed swindler said:

"Who's 'e, when 'e's at 'ome?"

"Him!" replied the sweeper. "Don't you know, who that is? Why, that's Admiral B—"

"Weren you carefully brought up, my lad?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation.

"Please, sir, yes, sir; I came up in the lift, sir," said the respectful youth.

Surprised Her.

THE son of a certain country squire, when collecting the rents of some cottages owned by his father, had his attention called by a tenant to a large diagonal crack in one of the walls close to which they were standing, with this remark from the woman:

"I am afraid, sir, as the old house be a-comeing down, sir."

"We will see to this," said the young fellow.

And, taking from his pocket a few strips of stamp edging, he pasted them transversely over the fissure, so that he might on his next visit see whether the crack had extended.

On his calling about a month afterwards he found the pieces of stamp edging still remaining unbroken, and pointing out to the old lady that the crack had not opened any further, he was amused with this unhesitating remark:

"Yees, sir; but who'd ha' thought as two or three such bits of paper would ha' held 'un together!"

AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE.

Fireman Kington's Trying Ordeal.

THE fireman needs to be a tactful as well as a brave man, for not only does he encounter difficulties in fighting the flames, but he often has no little trouble in saving the lives of terrified human beings, who, well nigh out of their senses with fear, act in a manner which makes the work of rescue doubly hard and dangerous.

Sometimes the person in danger, disregarding the warning shouts of the men below, will jump from a window, to fall stunned and maimed on the pavement beneath, even while a rescuer is hurrying up the escape. Another person, on the other hand, will be so affected by fear that he will refuse to put out a hand to save himself. Then, indeed, is the fireman's task a difficult one.

At a fire which broke out in London some years ago an inmate of the burning house, who was suffering from a slight illness, absolutely declined to save himself. Luckily an escape was quickly on the scene, and a fireman named Kington, learning the facts, ran the head of the escape to a small third-floor window, smashed in the casement with his axe, and sprang through the smoke to the floor inside. Once there he soon found the man lying ill in bed.

Kington seized him by the shoulder, and shook him, crying out that the house was alight, and their escape almost cut off. But the man refused to stir; he even refused to leave his bed.

"No, I will not come!" he cried. "Where are my clothes? Get me my clothes!"

To do this was an impossibility. Kington recognised that desperate cases required desperate remedies, and, thrusting his axe back into its sheath, gripped the sick man by the arms, and with a strong pull dragged him to the floor. And there he lay, clinging to the bed, grasping at the furniture, striking his would-be rescuer, and still crying out for his clothes. Given additional strength by his temporary loss of reason, he wrestled desperately with the fireman, and Kington, although a big, powerful man, could scarcely maintain his hold.

Still, he stuck to his task, and at length, half carrying, half dragging his struggling burden, he gained the front room. There the tussle went on with renewed vigour, while outside, in the street, the crowd could be heard crying to him to hurry. At length Kington succeeded in pinioning the madman's arms and dragging him to the window.

But he could get him no further, despite the fact that the floor was heaving and cracking with the heat beneath, and the paint upon the sill was peeling off. Kington drew the back of his hand across his brow; a last tremendous effort by the man he was holding, and he had managed to free himself again. The fireman sprang at him once more, threw him, and, winding his arms around him, pulled him back to the window.

The flames, meanwhile, had been burning fiercely out of the second-floor windows, and licking the walls and joists with hungry tongues. There was a sudden shake of the whole building, and a terrible burst of sparks flew up at the back.

Just at that moment Kington and the other man were locked in each other's arms on the spot where the flames entered. With a groan the fireman was forced to loose his hold. His arms, hands, and face were terribly burnt. The madman, with a wild scream, rushed out of the room on to the blazing staircase. Beaten, and scarcely able to see, Kington was forced to leave the unfortunate man to his fate. He turned, and staggered back to the window once again—but the escape had gone!

The breeze had carried the flames against it, and it had caught alight. In order to save it the crowd had moved it a few yards away. The fireman was apparently left to his fate!

Behind him were the roar and crackle of the burning floor; at any moment the whole building might collapse. It was now or never if he wished to save his life.

Clambering out upon the window-sill, the skin peeling from his hands as he grasped the almost red-hot framework, Kington gathered himself for a spring. With a desperate effort he launched himself through the air in the direction of the escape.

There was a shout of horror from the crowd, and men sprang forward to break his fall. But fortune smiled upon him; his hand struck the "trussing" lines of the ladder, and he slid from the top of the escape to the ground. He had saved his life, but at a terrible cost of suffering.

He well deserved the medal he received for the heroism he displayed.

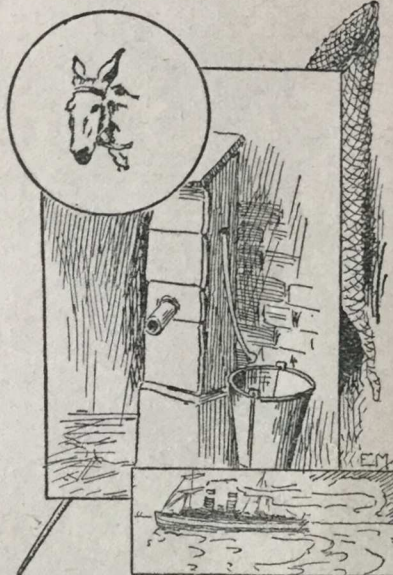
OUR PUZZLES.

No. 1.

O A E A O O R G C O E S A
E D A K E E Y R D E N M

Insert a third row of letters between the two rows given above, so that thirteen words of three letters each are formed. The additional letters, when properly arranged, will form the name of a great schoolmaster and the school over which he ruled.

No. 2.



The initials of three, the final letter of one, and the second letter of one of the names of the objects represented above, when properly arranged, will form the name of a common garden flower.

[Drawn by E. H. MEDHURST, 54, Linton Street, Islington, N., to whom a "Chums" Solid Silver Pencil-Case has been forwarded.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 784.

No. 1.—SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY; SORROW, HANDIE, EXCEED, FALCON, FREEZE, IDLER, EXPAND, LAMINA, DEPUTY.

No. 2.—Antelope, Camel.



At the End of the Holidays.

I GATHER from our letter bag that schools have re-opened. This is not a cheerful reflection, my Chums, with which to begin a chat this week, but I fear it is inevitable. Waggles always says that going back to the office is not half as painful as leaving it. But this generally means to imply that he is going to be out a long time for lunch and to ask for a rise of salary.

When the Time Drags.

Generally, I think boys are not so reluctant to go back after the summer vacation as they are at Christmas and Easter. Some of us may even be not ashamed to confess that we are rather tired of it. We have played as much cricket, swum as many swims, hit about as many tennis balls as we wish to for the moment. Perhaps the last week of the holidays has been almost a riotous week. We have shied cricket stumps about, played "squash cricket" on the tennis court, ragged in our room at night, and cheerfully borne witness to the fact that convention was dead and buried. These symptoms point to too much holiday—especially during such a miserable summer as that we have known are they likely to become aggravated. Let us, then, frankly accept the situation and return to school very willingly. We shall meet our chums there, and are going to have a great football term; there will be the splendid Christmas holidays at the end of it, and what more can we ask?

After the Punishment.

Some schools, I say, already have re-opened. This much I gather from a letter addressed to me to-day by "W. F." of Bath. Not only has this good fellow gone back to school, but he has already got into hot water there. He "committed an offence," he says (I like the term), for which he was punished. This means to say, I suppose, that he ragged the French master, or drew a picture of a chauffeur on the map of Italy, or pretended to smoke a wooden cigar and made his house-master look foolish. He may have been sent up school or given extra drill for such an offence. "But," says he, "I apologised, and now the other fellows call me a sneak, and say I am trying to curry favour."

Not Always Necessary.

This is a nice little problem in school jurisprudence, my Chums, and we will consider it, if you please. Let me say at once that if any fellow has ragged a master in an ungentlemanly way, it is perfectly right and proper that he should apologise. Some of us have mad fits sometimes. We fill the French master's overcoat, say, with chestnuts, put a guinea-pig in the grand piano, or draw portraits of the drill sergeant (uncomplimentary) on the school-house walls. They are light-hearted exploits, which may properly call for an apology. Should we, on the other hand, break any mere school regulations, should we be late, out of bounds, or accused of ragging in a form room, or of having left our French exercise in the gramophone—then I certainly think it would be priggish to apologise. A fellow does not profess to be a saint; and if he is going to pose as one, well, we shall soon have too much of him. This is the thing in a nutshell. If the offence were one of high spirits and personal, I think an apology should have been made. If it were a mere school breach, then I hold that "W. F.'s" chums are right, and that no apology will atone for his attempt to curry favour with the master.

According to Tradition.

Fellows very rightly dislike this favour currying more than anything else that happens at school. I suppose it is just the same at those establishments where our sisters go. We hate to think that he, or she, is trying to

please a master, or a mistress, at our expense. Boys rightly hang together, and regard masters as the enemy. To attempt to curry favour with a master is, in some way, to go over to the enemy. This your true British boy would never do. And he is quite right to resent others doing it.

From a Footer Chum.

I have a nice letter from "Half-back," of Cheltenham, who has begun to practise for the footer season, and has read many books upon the subject of our national winter game. "Half-back," despite this reading, remains of the opinion that you cannot play football by reading a book, and that it is a great mistake to form your style of play upon the finest maxims laid down by eloquent writers. "Why not get a style of your own?" says he; and I thoroughly agree with him. This observation, my Chums, applies to other sports than football. I think there is far too much reading about games nowadays; far too many conventions to bother us, and far too little individuality.

Too Closely Followed.

Just watch boys at some of our greater public schools when they are practising at the nets. Every boy tries to bat just like every other boy. Perhaps one of the masters coaches them. He tells them what are the regulation strokes, how to play forward, how to play back, how to cut, and how to glide to leg. And every man-jack tries to do the thing in the same way as the master does it, regardless of his height, his reach, or his natural ability. When he goes to Lord's and sees really great cricketers busy, he is astonished to discover that there are as many styles almost as there are players; and he sees some shocking breaches of those very conventions which have been impressed upon him with such care. Hirst, for instance, receiving a ball on the off-stump, will often spring out nimbly and pull it to leg. And then what a groan from our victim of convention! He would never have been allowed to do that—the most ordinary book says that he should not.

As a Case in Point.

Do not play games by convention, my Chums, when your own individuality shows you a better way. I think that everyone is right to acquire the first principles of whatever pastime one takes up. Learn the secrets of playing all the balls that a bowler can send down to you, and then adapt your own personality to that play. If you are very quick upon your feet, do not hesitate to take up unconventional attitudes. What would have become of Ranjitsinhji, for instance, if he had always played according to the standards laid down in a shilling guide to cricket? His batting would not have been worth twopence-halfpenny. But he knew that he possessed a wonderfully supple wrist, an amazingly quick eye, and a foot action which has never been bettered. These he called in to help his batting, inventing new strokes and teaching other cricketers how to play them. Very few of you will be Ranjitsinhjis; but you will all do best if you play as commonsense teaches you to play and as your physique permits you.

What is his Age?

I have a note from "Fag," who is in a quandary in connection with his reading. "Fag" has been advised to read only very light books at present, and to wait until he is older before he takes up serious literature. Unfortunately he does not tell me his age; and when he asks me to advise him, he neglects to supply those facts which alone would permit the advice to be of any value. I do not believe that young boys, or young girls either, should tackle big and serious books. Firstly, because they would not understand them if they did; and secondly, because they might easily cultivate a distaste which would put them off all serious reading whatever. This would be a thousand pities. It is perfectly true to say that by good reading a love of reading comes; but then that good reading must be within the understanding of the reader. What on earth would be the good, say, of asking a youngster of fourteen to read Boswell's Life of Johnson? He would think it a fearful bore, and after a hundred pages would never wish to hear anything of the amiable doctor as long as he lived. Set him down, on the other hand,

to "Treasure Island," and he is face to face with a story which must fascinate him; while, although he is not aware of it, he will be reading as fine an example of English prose as any in the language.

Begin with These.

So you see that I am, on the whole, of "Fag's" opinion. So far as his facts permit me to form a conclusion, he is a youngster, I take it, with certain literary tastes. Let him, as his friends advise, begin by reading good adventure books, and a taste for other books will follow when he is a little older.

* * Letters from Chums to the Editor are invited, and if of general interest will be dealt with in these columns.

Suggested.

THE old man was visiting a distant relation in London, and this distant relation had a son, a boy of twelve or thirteen, who practised on the piano every morning. The muscular lad, banging false notes from the instrument with tremendous vigour, tried the aged visitor not a little.

"What on earth are you playing there, Jimmy?" he called from the next room one morning.

"An exercise from 'First Steps in Music,'" the boy answered.

"Ah, I thought you were playing with your feet," said the visitor; "but would you mind stepping a little lighter on the keys?"

Can Animals Think?

OPINIONS differ on the question whether animals can reason, but it is certain that some of them act as though they had the intelligence of human beings.

Take, for example, the case of a dog which sells newspapers for its master, a newsboy in the American city of Boston. The boy is a cripple, and instead of walking about selling newspapers, he gives one to the dog. The animal runs to the passers-by and offers the paper, returning with the money that the purchaser drops into a bag which the dog carries fastened to its body by a strap.

Then there is another dog owned by a gentleman in New England. This animal shows its cleverness in an undesirable way, for it steals money. It began by finding a two-dollar note in the street and bringing it to its master, who praised and patted the dog for its intelligence. That gave the animal an idea. It did not wait to find lost notes after that, but paid a visit to a shop, and snatching a five-dollar note from a desk, brought that to its master, who now began to be suspicious.

Soon afterwards it reappeared, on this occasion carrying in its mouth a note for ten dollars. But this time it was pursued by the enraged shopkeeper, who explained that the dog had snatched the note from the cashier! Of course, the money was restored with apologies, and the dog was taught the difference between finding a thing and stealing it.

A certain farmer's horse shows instincts of quite a trade union character. Each morning at six o'clock the horse leaves its stable and is put to work in the fields. It works cheerfully, never baulking even at the heaviest loads. But nothing will induce the animal to work after six o'clock at night. At that hour a whistle is blown as a signal to the farm hands, and the horse at once starts for the barn. It cannot be tempted to do another stroke of work.

A Canadian backwoodsman tells a story which shows that even the lynx can perform remarkable feats. He had set snares for a fox, but in one of them a young lynx was caught. Approaching the trap stealthily, the trapper noticed that the mother lynx had arrived on the scene, and was making desperate efforts to free its young one. It bit savagely at the trap and at the chain which held it.

Finally, when the animal found all other means useless, it took the desperate course of biting at the leg of its little one. Soon it had gnawed the bone quite through, and the young lynx leaped from the trap and limped off with its mother. Only a fierce love for its young could have induced the old lynx to resort to such a rigorous measure.

Rabbits are such shy and timorous creatures

that it is curious to hear of one running to a human being for protection. Yet a sporting doctor tells how, while shooting in Maine, a rabbit came running towards him and crouched at his feet. Looking up, he saw a wild cat bounding after the rabbit.

Enraged when the man defended its prey, the cat savagely attacked the doctor, who, having no time to load his gun, held the savage creature at bay with his knife, finally killing it. Even then the rabbit did not run away, but stood quietly by, looking at him as though grateful for the service he had rendered it.

Repeated.

WHEN Willie returned from school he sought out his elder brother with tears in his eyes.

"I got a thrashing in school to-day," he said, "and it was all your fault."

"My fault!" echoed his brother. "And how was it my fault?"

"Well," said Willie, "you told me yesterday that a million was a thundering lot, and when the master asked me this afternoon what a million was I told him it was a thundering lot, too, and—he gave me the biggest hiding I've ever had."

Our New Correspondence Exchange.

THE "CHUMS" CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE is for the use of Chums at home and abroad who wish to correspond with each other; and it will, we hope, help to extend the "Chums" League. It will work in this way:

Let us suppose that a Chum living in Australia wants to open up correspondence with a Chum in the United Kingdom. He will address a letter, marked on the envelope "C. C. E.," to the Editor of "CHUMS," signifying the fact, and enclosing an open letter to the home Chum stating his desire, as above.

We shall keep a list of names and addresses of home Chums seeking correspondents in other lands, and, selecting the one which appears most suitable, shall forward the letter from the Australian Chum. The English Chum has only then to write a letter in reply and send it, properly stamped, direct to Australia. Correspondence will be thus opened up.

A girl-Chum has merely to adopt the same plan as her brother. The same remarks apply to the home Chum who desires to correspond with one abroad.

Two stipulations must be made. Chums resident abroad who wish to be put in communication with Chums at home must, in writing to us, enclose a penny stamp, or its equivalent, in the postage of their particular countries. Chums at home, in the same circumstances, will enclose with their letters to us stamps to cover the colonial or foreign postage (1d. or 2½d. per half ounce, as the case may be). And letters which we are asked to forward must be left open for our inspection. Once the two Chums are placed in correspondence with each other, there will be no need for further intervention on our part.

Readers who are not actually living within the Empire—for they are none the less Chums—will also be included in our scheme.

To Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses.

It has been pointed out to us that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, all of whom naturally have the interests of Empire Education at heart, may like to encourage their pupils to take advantage of our New CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE, as the interchange of letters would undoubtedly lead to a better understanding of other lands and the people living in them, as well as to a broadening and valuable outlook on life. We shall be glad to co-operate with heads of schools in this direction; and it will give us much pleasure to deal with any letters from their pupils which they may be instrumental in getting written and entrusted to us in connection with the "CHUMS" Correspondence Exchange. Chums, perhaps, may like to call attention to this fact.

THE "CHUMS" LEAGUE

and the "CHUMS" BADGE.

THE "CHUMS" Badge can be worn by boy or girl. It can be obtained as scarf-pin, or pendant, or for the cap, or for the buttonhole, or (in pairs) as solitaire sleeve-links, or for girls as a brooch. It is in the form of a C, in blue enamel with a gilt edge, enclosing a gilt anchor, the letter standing prominently for Chum, while it also means Comrade and Comradeship.

THE "CHUMS" LEAGUE, which has been organised in connection with the "CHUMS" Badge, expresses in its title everything we have in view, the bond of Fellowship, as well as the idea of Brotherhood and Comradeship, which every good Chum—boy or girl—should feel for every other Chum. There is no formal code of rules.

To become a Member all that is necessary is to write a letter to the Editor of "CHUMS," La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., giving name and address, enclosing SIX PENNY STAMPS for the Badge—which is obtainable only at the office of "CHUMS"—and indicating whether a Scarf-Pin, Pendant, Brooch, or Cap or Buttonhole Badge is required. Envelopes should be marked "Badges."

The Badge is supplied at the price it costs us, and will be forwarded post free, neatly packed in a tasteful box.

The Badge can also be obtained in silver (price 12s. 6d.), in 8-carat gold (price 10s. 6d.), in 15-carat gold (price 12s. 6d.), and in 18-carat gold (price 15s.). In these cases a few extra days may be required for the delivery of the Badge.



AS BROOCH OR FOR THE CAP.

Unrehearsed.

A MEMBER of an amateur dramatic society who was acting the part of gamekeeper, wishing to add a touch of realism to his get-up, directed a boy to go quickly to a local poulterer, and fetch a rabbit, which he intended to carry across the stage, while his gun lay over his shoulder.

Just as the actor was ready to go on the boy rushed to the wings, and gasped:

"Ere yer are, catch 'old."

The supposed gamekeeper grasped the hind legs of his prey, and sauntered over the boards, but was saluted with roars of laughter from the other side of the footlights.

The rabbit was a skinned one!

TO SAVE HIS FATHER'S FORTUNE.

When Kinglake Hall Was Flooded.

"HOLD hard, Chris—stop!"

Bob Medway was out of his saddle in a trice. Switching his bike around, he brought the lamp-light on a pair of massive gate-pillars. There was now no gate between them, but beyond there was an approach which evidently led to a house—probably a large house.

"Here goes!" was Bob's cry. "This way for hope and shelter!"

He mounted as he spoke, and his brother did not hesitate to follow. Indeed, it was no time for hesitation, for the rain was simply lashing down, and the ditches were overflowing. Further riding on this strange Cheshire road began to seem impossible. It was now ten o'clock at night, with not a star to relieve the impenetrable blackness.

"Hurrah!" cried Bob presently; "here is a house, Chris! Down this dip, you see, and here we are bang at the front door!"

In a moment they had dismounted.

"Untenanted," observed Chris, "though it's too dark to see much more than the door. But a good door, eh—big and solid. Here, let's bang it, and see if there's a caretaker to—Hark! By Jove, horse-hoofs!"

Horse-hoofs they certainly were, and pounding hard along the drive behind them. Though heavy, they seemed limping and irregular, and presently it appeared as though the mount had stumbled. Next came an approaching sound of running; the horseman was now panting towards them on foot. He dashed through the darkness, and ran so wildly that he had pitched over Bob's front wheel before his rush could be avoided. He went down weightily, but was up again next instant with his back to the big door.

"Who are you?" he gasped, blinking from light to light.

"Cyclists," replied Chris. "We've just arrived here, and we were going to ask shelter if—"

"Yes, yes!" was the panted rejoinder; "come in, but come quickly! I'm being followed—pursued! A pony-trap; do you hear it coming?"

Excitedly speaking thus, the stranger had stooped and was now struggling with a key in the great door. In a breath the door was wide open, and the young man was pressing them to enter. "Bring your bikes," he cried; "but quickly—quickly!"

The machines were slipped through, the door closed, and the lock turned again. Then, guided by the cycle-lights, the stranger fumbled, found bolts, and thrust them into place. Standing near he then espied a stout bar of iron. This, fitting down into keeps on either side, spanned the door and made it thoroughly secure.

"Now give me a bike, and I'll lead the way. We must hide!"

Across a great hall, sharply to the right, a long passage, a narrow one branching, down a dozen steps, and the trio were before a low, black door. This the unknown—a young fellow scarcely beyond his teens—pulled open.

"A cellar," he announced.

The boys wonderingly entered. This cellar was a dreary, dank place; so much they could judge by their sense of smell.

The stranger passed in last, found the door-bolt, and slid it rustily. "Ah," he said with relief, "I've done all I can now. Tell me, who are you?"

"Bob and Chris Medway—on a holiday tour.

Rain had delayed us for so many days, that at noon we risked all and pressed on. We were idiots. Ten o'clock-to-night found us still struggling in the pouring rain to reach Northwich. We didn't know this house, but—"

"It is Kinglake Hall, and my name is Howard Kinglake. I'll tell—Hark! they've come!"

II.

THE speaker paused to listen. Even there they could hear a great assault on the door above; a shaking and a tumult of blows. Then the noise divided; various window-shutters were being tried. Shouts followed. By closely attending, the three in the cellar could just catch what was being said.

"Any luck that way?" demanded a high voice.

"No, no; all the shutters are strong and tight."

"Confound! Here, this pony is restless; I must get rid of her. Thunder—how it rains! There may be shelter at the back; I'll take the trap around. Wait till I return with the carriage-light. That thief must be inside, and we've got to nab him. D'you hear?"

There was a murmur of assent, the faint noise of wheels, and then silence.

In the cellar the young stranger—Howard Kinglake—spoke vehemently. "The scoundrel!" he burst out. "You heard him say 'thief,' eh? He meant me!"

"He lied!" declared Bob stoutly, for he trusted Kinglake's looks.

"He did. My story's a curious one; you'd like to hear it?"

"We should."

"Then I must be quick with it, so attend closely. At my grandfather's death this house

was mortgaged to the hilt—money had been borrowed on it to its uttermost value. My father—at that time a widower with one son, myself—determined not to live a day in it till the huge loan was cleared. The debtors, family friends, generously promised to indefinitely await settlement.

"My father set himself his great task in the sugar plantations of Mauritius. Little by little he saved and saved to clear off the Kinglake Hall debt. It was his life-task—his mania. Not even would he trust these savings to a bank; out there he kept them and his great object strictly to himself.

"I was at school in England; only at long periods did my father cross to see me. But his letters were always full of his great purpose. The very last I received told me that his undertaking was finished; that he could now wipe out the whole mortgage! This was as well, he added, for his health had lately failed, and, indeed, he had had to engage the services of a manager—a fairly competent man named Spare.

"My next foreign missive came from that Spare himself, and told me, briefly enough, that my father was dead—had died suddenly!"

"I can't describe the fearful shock of this news. Having left school, I was then in a business office; the very fact that I was destined to own Kinglake Hall made poor dad insist on a business training. Well, I left for Mauritius at the very first opportunity.

"Arrived at my late father's plantations, I discovered them in charge of subordinates. Spare, the manager, had gone! Where? I asked. No one knew. Was anything left there for me—a letter or a packet? No; my father's death had been very sudden indeed. Was anyone with him at the last? Yes, Spare; only Spare. . . . Well, having heard all this," broke off the young fellow, "what was I to think?"

"I know!" cried Bob; "that your father, in that last moment, had been compelled to trust his special savings to Spare to hand to you, and that Spare, turning rogue, had bolted with them!"

"Right; like a flash the suspicion came to me, and right on it I set out to trace Spare! . . . Well, I found him; after weeks I tracked him to Port Louis. I found the house; I entered his room—I faced him. The moment I uttered my name I knew by his face that he was indeed the thief! I challenged him; we had words, we came to blows. I had him over quickly, and his head struck the table.

"Hurriedly I hunted the place, and I found a packet containing almost the right amount in notes—and a big, rusty key. I got away sharply; but, observe, there was not a word nor sign on the packet to prove 'twas mine. Thus, to all appearances, I was the thief, not Spare! For three weeks, therefore, I kept low and avoided everyone. At the end of that I secured a passage in an England-bound vessel.

"This very day I reached Liverpool and trained at once to Northwich. It was then dark and raining, but from jobbing stables I hired a horse to come here immediately. My one idea was to fit that key into the great door of Kinglake Hall; that, thought I, would do much towards making good my claim to those thousands of pounds!"

"I rode out of the stables then, and there, there, watching me, was Spare, with two others! How I rode at that! how I flew from Northwich! That fleeting glimpse called me to spur my mount on and on! At the last mile the horse turned lame, but yet I urged the poor brute forward! Well, it reached the Kinglake drive, as you know; I heard pursuing wheels, I—Heaven! What's that?"

Chris Medway, for some moments, had been sensible of a dull, roaring commotion from without the house. This, having of a sudden gained force, had seemed to enter the house itself; had broken into a gurgling rush, and then—

"Great powers!" cried Kinglake; "the flood, the flood! Look, look!"

Lifting Bob's cycle-lamp he flashed it round, and there, beneath the cellar door, hissing and sparkling, appeared a strong rush of water!

III.

"WHAT is it?" cried Bob in alarm.

"The river Withy must have burst from its

"Chums" Here and There Gallery.



KNOWN AS ENGLAND'S CENTRE.

WHERE would you place the central spot in England if you were suddenly asked the question? At a guess you might say Birmingham, or perhaps venture a little further to the north or the east, and in this you would not be far wrong. For if the high road between Birmingham and Coventry be taken it will lead one through the pretty Warwickshire village of Meriden, some twelve miles from the former great city, and here it is that popular belief has located England's centre. It can only be a supposition, of course, but many people have been, and no doubt still are, convinced of Meriden's exactitude, wherefore a stone obelisk (known as the Old Cross) was erected years ago to mark the fact. Meriden stands at the point of intersection of lines drawn from Berwick-on-Tweed to Southampton and from Aberystwith to Southwold. If you are satisfied with these places as measuring points then Meriden may retain the proud honour which it now claims.

course with the big rains! It passes through the grounds not a hundred yards from here, and our banks, you see, have had no repair during all these years!"

"Then you think—"

"That this cellar, in an hour, will be swamped to the ceiling! Come, we must risk everything and get out, or—"

Kinglake stopped. Right near at hand, above the turbulence of water, rose shouts of men. Spare and his followers had somehow effected an entrance! Already they were on the cellar steps; already had Spare espied a light between the door-spaces.

"Hullo, within there!" he roared; "d'you want to be drowned? For you will be! I'm standing here in a regular torrent. Now, then, are you going to hand over that packet and go free?"

"No!" hurled back Kinglake. "That packet is mine; it contains my father's fortune!"

"Drown, then!" snarled Spare; "and we'll wait in safety up above till it's all over!"

Silence fell then and the minutes sped. The situation was a terrible one. With every moment the current strengthened; the place was already nearly two feet in water. Then Kinglake spoke—huskily.

"It's true," he muttered; "we're in a fearful death-trap! We're right beneath ground level, and in an hour this place will be full. I must give in! For your sakes—"

"No!" burst out the two Medways; and right on their cry came a terrific creak from the door. Spare and his satellites had stolen down to attempt a forced entrance. The door was placed to open outward, and with the bar from the front door they hoped by leverage to tear it from its inside hold.

The ruse was astonishingly successful. The bolt-screws loosened at the first lift; at the third they collapsed, and the door flew open.

The attack was swift and short. There was a glimpse of a lean, dark figure which sprang on Kinglake, and bore him down so that he was quite immersed in water. The cycle-lamp he held hissed out. Bob Medway splashed down towards him. Chris, rushing for the other lamp, brought its light into play only in time to see the enemy's retreating rush.

The door slammed, and Kinglake, scrambling from the water, rushed gaspingly to try to tear it open.

"The packet of notes?" cried Bob.

"Gone!" panted Kinglake; "I was choked beneath the water—the brute had it in a trice." He tore again at the door.

"No good," jeered Spare from without. "We've wedged that bar 'tween your door and the opposite wall; you've got to stay now. Ha, ha!"

Then, in a lower voice, to the scamps who assisted him: "Just watch here a moment to make sure, though; I'll get out the pony and trap. Stay till I call. Thunder, how the water tears!"

"Mr. Kinglake! Bob!" whispered Chris at that instant; "here; quickly, quickly!"

They turned, waist-deep in water, and waded to the far corner where Chris held his lamp aloft. He pointed to a square patch above. "An opening!" he breathed; "an opening, surely!"

Kinglake was too excited to reply. Instead he lifted up Bob; lifted and lifted him till the boy, in his turn, was able to thrust up the square slab of stone. He scrambled through then and hauled up Chris. Together they helped up Kinglake.

The latter glanced sharply around. "Good Heaven!" he murmured, "I didn't know of that opening, though I know this passage into which we've climbed! It leads right to the back. Come, softly; Spare will be at our mercy!"

There was water here, too; and more in the direction they now hurried. To right and left Kinglake dodged, till at length an open door was reached, through which the rain blew and the water flowed inward. There was a rattle of harness from a shed close by.

"He's here!" whispered Kinglake; "light me well, and follow close up! Now!"

A leap or so through the current, and a spring into the dimly-seen vehicle. "What on earth—" began Spare, but he was forced down next instant, and Kinglake's fingers were tightened over his mouth. Speedy help from

the Medways, together with a handkerchief and some cycle-straps from their pockets, cut short his strugglings.

The horse was whipped off next minute, up from the dip, away from the flood, and so along the drive. The little village of Withyford was reached fifteen minutes later. Spare was placed in charge of the local constable, and the precious packet reposed once more in Howard Kinglake's pocket.

Spare's two accomplices were not seen again, but it was thought that they were probably a couple of ne'er-do-wells whom he had found at Liverpool.

The collected evidence of his late father's letters, as well as many other little proofs, soon established Howard Kinglake's claim to the bundle of notes.

Spare, perceiving that such proofs might exist, had abstained from making a stir after losing the packet at Port Louis. Unwilling, however, to quite give in, he had preceded Kinglake to Liverpool, and thence to Northwich, having learned that this was Howard's inevitable route to Kinglake Hall. The young master of the latter is now a firm friend of the Medways, and they often run down to that part of Cheshire. But they have no wish to encounter another flood—nor another Spare!

As Put.

A YOUTH, with a really good voice, was advertised to sing at a charity concert presided over by a local tradesman—a self-made man.

The first song was "The Owl." On rising to announce it, the chairman was interrupted and informed that the singer had not arrived—a fact that he duly notified to the audience.

A little later, however, the missing artist made his appearance, and was observed by the worthy chairman, who called him without delay. But the singer had hurried, and had not recovered his breath, so, with apologies, this fact was suitably explained, and another artist requisitioned.

At length the young fellow being quite ready, Mr. Chairman rose with evident pleasure, and innocently discomfited the long-awaited singer by announcing, with marked confidence: "Mr. 'Eary will now favour us with the longed-for 'Howl'!"

"Now, wouldn't it be funny," said Mr. Popley, playfully, "if I were to become a little boy again?"

"Perhaps it wouldn't be so funny for you, father," replied his bright young son. "If you was to be littler'n me, father, I think I'd square up a few things."

Quite an Artistic Escape.



Grip, the Farmer's Dog: "HULLO, THERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE MISERABLE TRESPASSERS!"



"GOING TO RUN FOR IT, IS HE? WELL, I SUPPOSE THE RIVER'LL STOP HIM."



"WELL I NEVER, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN OBTAINED A REMPSAKE FROM HIS COAT TAILS!"

IN THE GRIP OF THE GLACIERS.

*A Fight to a Finish
on Frozen Seas.*

By G. FIRTH SCOTT,
Author of "The Track of Midnight," etc.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—XII.

DAN GREEN and Steve Mallin, junior officers of the ship *Dartney*, are walking the deck of that vessel and discussing the mystery surrounding her destination, when Dr. Phipps, who has chartered the vessel, and the skipper, Captain Mallin (Steve's father and Dan's uncle), come on board. The captain, without any explanation, tells Dan to go to Rio Janeiro and smuggle himself as a stowaway in a certain ship there. He also orders the boy to "keep his ears and eyes open and his mouth closed," and to explain what he sees and hears when they next meet. Mr. Phipps promises to reward him with a thousand pounds if everything turns out well.

Dan carries out his mission, and hides on board the ship in question. After the vessel (which is called the *Argot*) has got out to sea, he is discovered by a huge negro. A struggle ensues, during which Dan badly punishes the mate for attacking him. Then he is put in irons and taken below. Left alone, Dan is wondering what will be the outcome of the adventure when from out of the darkness a curiously familiar voice whispers to him that he has been recognised, although he will not know the speaker. Next morning he is released, and, as Dan Daniels, he is sent forward among the crew. The latter show signs of discontent at his presence, one man—a red-haired fellow called "Fire-pot"—being especially aggressive. Tim, the negro, proves to be friendly, however, and he tells Dan that the skipper (Captain Bird) and a man named Marshall (called "Skinny" by the crew) are taking the ship to a place near the South Pole in order to secure some gold hidden there. The negro also informs Dan that as soon as the gold is in the vessel the crew will mutiny. He adds, too, that the men think that Dan is there to spy on them. Later, Tim turns against Dan, while Jowles, the first mate, tries to bring him into disavowal with the captain. The latter, however, knowing of the impending outbreak among the crew, asks Dan to join him.

Jowles is imprisoned in the stateroom. He contrives to escape, and joins the men in a mutiny. Dan and Bird, together with Smalles, the second mate, try to suppress them, and during the fight that ensues (in which Jowles is shot) the ship strikes an ice floe. All hands are forced to leave the vessel, the mutineers forming a camp on the ice on one side of her, and the captain's adherents (including Sammy, the cook) going to the other side. The former party make merry round a cask of rum, and Dan tries to stop them.

The captain's camp is attacked by the mutineers, and in the scuffle the revolvers belonging to Bird and Smalles are stolen. A little later Dan and his companions see a glare of light shining over the ice, and hear a loud report followed by cheering from their late assailants. Without waiting to see whether his comrades follow him, Dan, crying that a ship must have arrived and fired a gun, dashes over the ice.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Enemy's Camp.

UNDER the impression that the others were close behind him, Dan ran as fast as he was able towards the red glare.

It increased in brilliancy, until it lit up the night with a weird gleam, making the rugged ice hummocks glisten and sparkle like fairy palaces.

He turned to speak to the companions he thought were close behind him. They were not there. He was alone.

Stopping, he looked around. In what direction did the camp lie? He had run on without heeding. Behind him there was nothing but ice, growing grey in the deepening gloom. On the other side there was the red glow lighting up the scene. He went towards it.

Stumbling over the rough ice, which became more uneven as he advanced, he found his way barred by a steep ridge of hummocks. Rather than try to find a way round them, he clambered up to the top of one.

As he reached the top, the meaning of the glare burst upon him.

Below him there was a smooth patch even more sheltered and protected by hummocks than the site he had selected for the camp. The mutineers had discovered it, and had built up the stores they had taken from the ship into a serviceable protection from the weather.

They were huddled together under it, the cask of rum standing on end near them. In the centre of the patch one of the barrels of lard had been fired, and was the cause of the glare Dan had seen. It was blazing furiously.

The hummock Dan had climbed was some distance away from the men. He saw another, directly in front of the camp; if he could get to the top of that he would be able to look right down upon them. He realised that the state of affairs demanded that he should learn all he could as to their plans and ideas while he had the chance. There were several things he wanted to know.

One was whether Fire-pot was amongst them. From the time when he and Smalles had made Jowles fast in the stateroom on the ill-fated *Argot*, Dan remembered that he had not seen the redoubtable Fire-pot. He did not take part in the mutiny; he was not amongst the men who had revolted; nor was he on the other side.

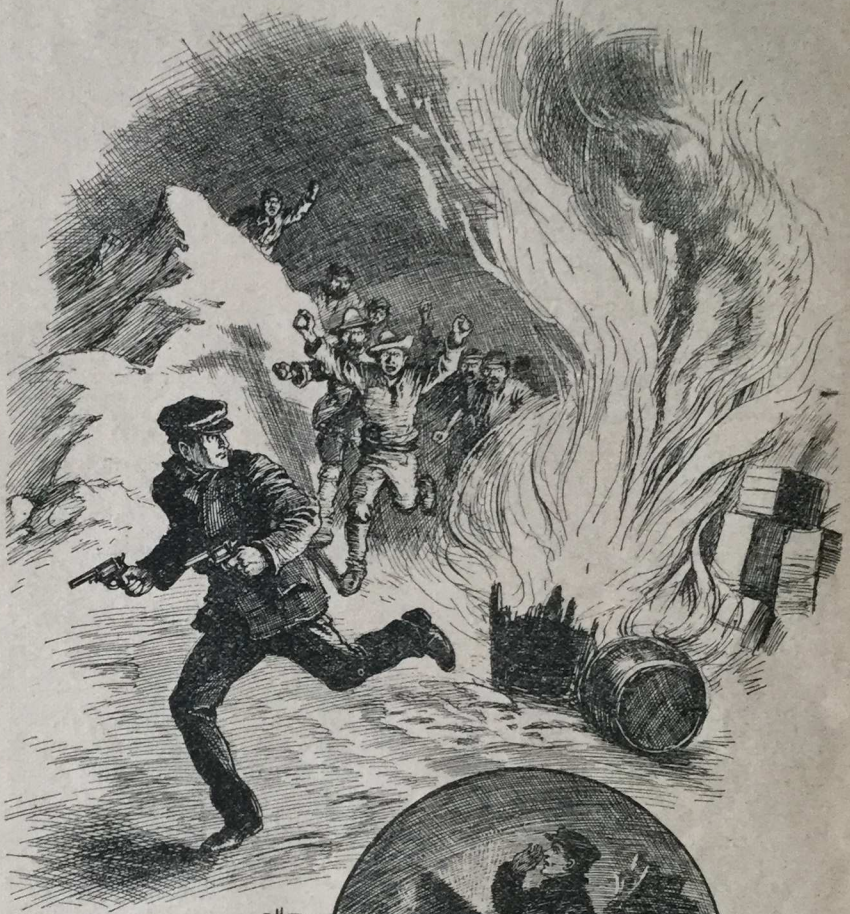
From where he was, Dan could not clearly make out all the men. The figure of one suggested the fiery-headed grumbler, but Dan could only see the figure; the face and head were in shadow.

The ridge, of which the hummock he was on formed a part, ran irregularly round behind the pile of stores. If he could creep unseen to the end of it, he might be able to crawl right up behind the shelter. Once there, he would be able to overhear what was being said. It might mean salvation of himself and the others.

He slipped down and worked his way gradually nearer the end of the ridge. As he went, he understood how the hummocks were formed.

from the broken ice. The roar of the flames as they played round the burning barrel came clearly to him. One of the men was speaking. His voice was thick, as of one who was not too sober.

"What's the good?" he was saying. "There ain't no more rum. They've only got a few biscuits. Leave 'em to do the best they can. They're mighty big on board ship with their gold braid and their buttons. We does the work. We has the hard times of it. All they



"WITH A REVOLVER IN EACH HAND, DAN MADE A DASH TO ESCAPE" (p. 132).

The flocs, crushing one upon the other as wind and sea forced them onwards, exerted enormous pressure. Where the ice was weakest, the strain was greatest, with the result that it was forced upwards, breaking off in great rugged masses which piled upon themselves and so formed hummocks, either in single instances or spread out into ridges. When the strain was over, the part that had been the weakest was a line of tumbled blocks of ice, which, later, became frozen into solid mounds, making the weakest part the strongest and forming the hummocks.

There must have been an immense strain along the line he was now following, for the ridges were flung in all directions. It took him a long time to work his way round to what he considered was the back of the piled-up stores. Then he had to scramble over several lines of blocks before he obtained a clear view of the blazing barrel again.

He had succeeded in getting directly behind the shelter. Creeping on all fours, he passed



"PUTTING HIS HAND TO HIS MOUTH HE GAVE A LONG CALL" (p. 132).

do is to boss us round and monkey about navigatin', as they calls it. Where'd they be if it wasn't for us sailor chaps? Eh? That's what I want to know. Where'll they be, left to their own on the ice?"

"That's all right for the skipper and Smalles," said another voice. "But what about that stowaway spy? Leave the others to freeze, or starve, or drown, as they like, but roasting ain't too bad for that smoggin' chap."

"That's the talk," snarled another. "Mr. Dan Daniels, Esquire, is the core I wants to

get square with. Didn't he plug me just as I had old Sammy the cook nailed? Ain't my eye black and blue and green and yaller? Ain't it? And who did it? Mr. Dan Daniels, Esquire."

"Ah! What came to Jowles? Didn't the little spy shoot him? We'd have had the ship, the gold, and all, if old Jowles was with us still. Ain't we to pay off that score? Leave him with the others to freeze? Not much. Catch him and roast him. That's what I votes for."

"Mc, too," Dan heard the voice of Bill cry. "See him stop us getting the grog! He's as full of frills as a new-joined kid, he is. Don't I know 'em? Didn't I lose my rating in the navy through one of 'em. And he's the same class. I'm there for roasting him."

"It's no catch trying it to-night," a new voice chimed in. "There's time enough to-morrow. The boat's hid all right. They don't know we've got it. We'll finish the spree to-night; there's rum enough. To-morrow we'll put the stores aboard the boat, yank the spy out, make things square with him, and then clear off."

"That's the game, boys. What's the use of talking now? Pass a drink round, Bill; you're nearest the grog."

"The flocs may have split by the morning," another cried. "Besides, there won't be any fire left. I'd like to sit him on that there barrel and watch him sizzle. That's how I feel. Think of the whole cask of rum he wasted!"

"More'n Bird himself dare do," a surly voice snarled.

"Bird! He's no class. Jowles had him set—said he'd put him in gaol when we got back to port, Bird and Marshall, both of them."

"What for, Jim?"

"Stealing the chart we were sailing by. Jowles said it was the only chart in the wide world showing where the treasure was hid. Marshall's partner bought it, the chap Bird and Marshall robbed. Oh, Bird ain't no class, I can tell you."

"But how about the stowaway? Why not fetch him now? That's what I want to know. Who's coming?"

Dan heard the man get on to his feet and stagger about. He had as much difficulty in standing steady as he had in speaking; he was one of those who had not spared the rum.

"It's time enough to-morrow," another voice answered. "Sit down and have a drink. Tip us a song, someone. Let's be merry while we may."

"That's it. Sit down, Bill. We ain't coming."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you? Well, look 'ere, my bully boys, if you ain't coming I'm going off on my own. See!"

"Sit down, you fool, can't you?" a man cried, angrily.

"Pull him over," said another; and from the noise of the scuffling Dan realised that the warlike Bill was being forcibly persuaded to resume his seat.

When the noise subsided, there was a call for more rum, and in the succeeding proceedings the men were evidently too pleasantly occupied to give any more thoughts to the roasting of their enemy.

CHAPTER XIV. Adrift and Afore.



ice. As to the threats that had been used against himself, Dan was scornfully contemptuous.

He smiled grimly as there recurred to his

mind the old adage, "Listeners never hear good of themselves." His experience was certainly no exception to the rule. On one thing he was very clear: if it came to a fight he would take good care never to fall alive into the hands of the villains he had heard clamouring for his death.

But there were other matters he had to think about, other discoveries he wanted to make.

Where was the boat? It must be hidden somewhere near. If he could only find it and get it away!

He was certain it was not hidden amongst the ridges he had passed over as he crawled from the place where he had first obtained a glimpse of the camp. He would explore those on the other side.

He crept from one to the other without seeing a sign of it. When, by the glare of the fire, he judged he was directly opposite the shelter, he climbed to the top of the ridge in front of him.

The men were shouting out the chorus of a sailor's chanty as he peered over the top. They were all recklessly revelling in the rum they had taken from the other camp. Bill, very unsteady on his legs, staggered out from the crowd.

A shout of laughter greeted him. A barrel with the top smashed in lay near the men. Bill blundered against it, and sent it rolling.

There was a yell from the men, and several tried to get on to their feet, but before they could do so the barrel had rolled right into the mass of flames. It was the second barrel of lard. In a moment it was alight, and huge flames shot up into the air as the lard boiled and blazed.

The glare lit up the place until it was as bright as day. Dan, forgetful that he might be seen, leaned forward to watch the blaze. A howl of rage from the men warned him too late. Already they were rushing towards the hummock on which he had climbed.

Realising the danger of meeting, single-handed, the men, not one of whom was sober, and all of whom were infuriated against him, Dan turned to slide down the hummock. But he was not to escape so easily.

Whether the heat of the blazing lard had affected the ice, or whether it was the result of the ordinary movements of the floe, he did not know, but as he turned on the summit to descend, the ice trembled beneath his feet. There was a rattle of sharp reports, and the top of the hummock split into fragments, which rolled, carrying Dan with them, down towards the camp.

Falling with the speed of a tobogganing sledge, he dashed down straight for the fire. Fortunately the ice was sufficiently rough at the foot of the hummock to check his speed; otherwise he must have gone into the fierce blaze.

It was well for him that he had fallen as he had. All the men had rushed away to capture him. He could hear them shouting and stumbling among the rough broken ice of the hummocks. There was not a moment to lose.

The cases of stores had been built into a sort of roofless hut, inside of which blankets and other coverings lay in a pile. Dan saw the two revolvers lying where they had been thrown. The heat from the fire was intense, but he made a dash to recover them. As he stooped to pick them up a yell from the hummocks told him he was discovered. He glanced back.

The head and shoulders of a man appeared above the ice ridge, and soon the others were rushing towards him.

With a revolver in each hand, Dan made a dash to escape. Then someone shouted that the camp was on fire.

The heat from the blazing lard had set some of the cases alight.

The men turned aside and attacked the flames. Dan fled for shelter behind some broken ice.

Crouching behind a mass which concealed him from the men, while yet allowing him to watch them, he awaited developments.

Scarcely twenty yards in front of him lay the pile of stores. Fanned by the breeze, the flames from the burning lard licked on to the wood of the casks and cases. Already flames were leaping up and showing over the top of the heap.

The men, disorganised and muddled, rushed

forward to the rescue. Without the direction of a controlling mind, they blundered into one another's way. One man, seizing a case, dragged it out. Immediately two or three more which were resting on it came crashing down, flinging the man back. Through the opening thus caused, the flames roared and danced.

Other men rushed up, tripped over their fallen comrade, and lay sprawling on one another. A free fight immediately ensued among them, until the increasing heat drove them further away. But it did not by any means end the fight.

At the other end of the pile a similar thing had happened, with the difference that the cases fell inwards, fell right into the fire from which the men had tried to drag them. Again a fight broke out. Everyone blamed everyone else. Maddened by the sight of all their stores and blankets being destroyed before their eyes, the men attacked one another with blind unreasoning passion, while the fire, left to itself, greedily consumed all that was inflammable.

Amongst the men Dan recognised Bill. Three set upon him, and all went down together. From out of the tangle of arms and legs, Bill staggered to his feet. Terror was on his face, panic in his eyes. With an inarticulate cry he ran forward, straight for the spot where Dan was hiding.

The others, seeing him run, dashed after him, shouting and cursing. The first to overtake him sent him flying on his face. As he sprawled on the ice, others fell over him, and again there was a confused heap of men fighting, struggling, shouting, and swearing within a few feet of Dan. To remain where he was meant discovery and capture in a moment or so.

Springing up from behind the block of ice, Dan ran for his life.

Some of the men who were not in the mêlée saw him.

"The spy! The gold-braider!" they yelled. "He fired the camp! Catch him and burn him!"

Fleet of foot, quick at dodging, sound in wind and limb, and with all his senses about him, Dan rapidly drew away from the howling, shouting mob behind him. With only the reflection of the glare on the ice as a guide, he tried to work round so as to get in the direction of his own camp. He reckoned that Bird, Smailes, and Sammy would be keenly on the look out for him, and would hear him if he shouted.

When he had gone a considerable distance, and had worked his way round to what he thought was the right side of the mutineers' camp, he stopped to listen. There was just a faint suspicion of red showing over the ice. It seemed much farther away than he expected to see it. Surely his camp must be between him and that glare.

Putting his hand to his mouth he gave a long call.

The sound echoed and re-echoed all around him, but no answering cry came to him. Again and again he called; again and again he listened for the answer that never came.

The night had grown very dark. He could barely make out the form of ice blocks a yard away. The last trace of the red glow had vanished.

Suddenly a great plunging splash resounded through the still air. The ice beneath him shook. Then the sound of water rippling came to him.

Creeping cautiously in the direction whence it came, he saw, dimly, the grey loom of the ice cease. Beyond there was an expanse of unbroken gloom.

The truth flashed upon him.

The part of the floe he was on had broken away from the main body. He was adrift and alone, without food or shelter, in the midst of the trackless ocean.

(To be continued; commenced in No. 779.)

MR. CANNINE: "What? Afraid of my dog again? Tut, tut! The close weather upsets him a little, but there's really no danger. You ought to know him by his bark!"

VISITING YOUTH: "I do; but the brute seems to want me to know him by his bite, and that's what I object to!"

Proof Positive.

Mr. X. has recently taken to poultry-keeping. The other morning his observant little son rushed in with the startling intelligence that the hens were "awful hungry!"

"But I've just fed them, my boy!" replied Mr. X.

"Then you can't have given 'em enough, father!" went on the young hopeful. "They're eating bits o' stones, mortar, pebbles, and such like!"

Then Mr. X. gently explained that a certain amount of grit would do them no harm, in fact, it was a necessary part of the diet.

Johnny, though he seemed scarcely convinced, said no more just then, but resolved to watch developments.

It was on the following morning that the smart youngster approached his father and observed:

"Father, you don't know everything about feeding and keeping hens, do you?"

"No, my son!" returned Mr. X. "I'm merely a novice as yet."

"H'm!" commented Johnny sagely. "I thought so! You've fed them hens on pebbles till they're laying stone eggs! It's right!"—as Mr. X. stared incredulously—"for I've smashed one to see!"

Johnny had been at the "nest eggs."

A HUNDRED MILES IN A HUNDRED MINUTES.

My Night Ride on a Locomotive.

IT is almost midnight, but the big terminus is just as busy as though it were mid-day. Men from the post-office are busy with the mails, porters are busy with the passengers, and passengers are busy with themselves. All is hurry and bustle and excitement. And all the time the long train stands waiting, and the driver surveys his locomotive as lovingly as children survey theirs.

Just now the engine, spick and span and bright as a mirror, was shunted from its shed, then backed to the train. It closed up gently, and not a passenger knew that it had touched the buffers. Then some men affixed the couplings, while others adjusted the signal cord. At that moment an official introduced me to the driver, and I stepped on the footplate.

Off We Go.

It is strange the feeling that grips you when you first mount a monster of the iron road. You cannot help being afraid that you may fall off; it is the want of room does it. Just a few feet of space there is, and that is all. Nor can you help asking why on earth they are taking all that coal with them, and how long it takes to initiate oneself into the mysteries of this glittering array of handles and levers and clocks. I meant to ask, but just as the first query reaches the tip of my tongue a shrill whistle sounds, the driver pushes the regulator over, there is a creak, another whistle, puff, puff, and we are off.

At first the motion is pleasant; the engine just glides. Then the pace becomes more fast, and the big red and green lights on the outskirts of the big station reflect themselves on the shining metals, until everything becomes red and green, and I grip the side of the locker where I sit. As I do so the lights vanish; we have left them behind. Then the driver touches something else, the stoker begins to fire up, and in a trice we are careering along at a pace which I can only describe as hair-raising.

Through Station and Tunnel.

Now we are just passing through a station; now we are passing through another. "Don't attempt to look yet," the driver shouts. "Listen to the whizz and the dull roaring—that's a station." Hardly have the words left him when the thunder of artillery breaks about his ears. "Tunnel!" the driver howls. "You're not frightened, are you?" And all the while the stoker is firing up as unconcerned as Mary Jane does, safe in the kitchen of your parents' home.

To cheer me up a little, the driver kindly informed me just now that the train was a non-stopper, that there would be no halt until we had reached a station that was a hundred miles

away. I peep round, and look into the night; it is pitch dark. Once I take to wondering what would happen should a signalman forget his duty, or fall over asleep, or suddenly die, and what would be the result if a train wrecker threw a few heavy sleepers across our path. But the thought is too unnerving, and I dismiss it. It does not do to think of accidents when you are racing through the night at a speed of sixty miles an hour. It is terrible.

On and on. Now a whizz—a station; now a roar—a tunnel; now a straight run for miles through a beautiful country, which I cannot see. My friends are busy. At intervals of a few minutes the fireman touches the driver on the shoulder—the roar renders speaking quite useless—as a signal for him to open the fire-box door.

Then I can see the glowing flames within, and feel them half roasting my legs, while the stoker flings several shovels of coal into the furnace with unerring aim.

An interesting process. There is an art in feeding a locomotive fire. The coal must be evenly distributed, and not too closely packed. Only a small quantity of coal is supplied at a time, but every shovel load is properly placed so as to keep the heat level and the steam at the proper pressure.

There's Plenty to Do.

Chums who suppose that the driver and the stoker have little or nothing to do, when the engine has been cleaned and they have started on their journey, are very much mistaken. The water feeds must be examined carefully, and the steam gauge must be watched closely. This means that the stoker must walk round the locomotive front, and while it is going at top speed too. Also, from time to time, water must be thrown on the footplate, else it will become hotter than is pleasant to the feet.

We have now covered sixty miles in sixty minutes. And for the first time the driver leaves his post. We are about to take up water, but no stopping, mind; we take it while going full speed. The water is in a narrow tank nearly half a mile long, situated between the rails.

When the driver gives a signal agreed upon, the fireman draws a bar. At that moment a curved pipe drops from beneath the tender, and dips into the tank. In a flash we are surrounded with spray, and the driver explains that the water is being forced upwards by the impetus of our progress. Almost before I realise it the tanks on the tender are overflowing. Then the stoker draws the bar back again. The pipe ascends to its place, and all is over.

Described as a Comet.

On and on. The night seems to be blacker now, and the pace seems faster, and the roar louder; but the latter, I learn, is because we are racing between rocky cuttings. On and on, the driver standing like a statue, the stoker lovingly feeding his fire, I leaning over the side, gazing into the blackness, and trying

to picture what we must look like to the signalmen as we flash quickly by.

"I am not good at word-painting," explains the driver; "but a journalistic friend of mine called my locomotive a fiery comet on wheels, with the longest lit-up tail he had ever seen. The smoke emitted he called 'puffs of indignation,' and he wrote that the comet seemed to have scented the Last Day, and to be fleeing from it; and that its howl—the locomotive's whistle—was a howl of warning to onlookers to prepare for the judgment."

From Night to Day.

On and on. Just when I have grown accustomed to the pace, just when the driver has laughingly informed me that my face is like that of a nigger, just when my ears are learning to know the roar, I look ahead and see a lot of little stars that are not in the sky. It's a town, our first stop. In a few minutes the driver touches a lever, and we slow down, and two or three moments later we glide out of night into what appears to be day, and we stop, and I can hear the porters calling out the name of a place that is a hundred miles from London.

We have taken, to do it, just a hundred minutes.

Asking Too Much.

BELONGING to a certain Yeomary regiment was a youth of very small stature, who, to make himself look as imposing as the rest, had a very tall horse. It was well known that Private Robinson could not mount unassisted, so there was great amusement when one day they heard the order:

"Private Robinson, dismount."

Private Robinson gave no sign.

Again the order was given, with a like result. A third time the captain gave the order, "Private Robinson, dismount." But the little private, losing patience at last, roared out:

"Don't be silly, captain; you know I can't get on again!"

As Defined.

A SCHOOLMASTER asked his class to define "generation." One solitary hand went up.

"Well, what is a generation?" asked the master.

"One of Tommy Jones's family, surr," was the queer but confident answer.

The master stared, as well he might, despite a large experience of the oddity of juvenile replies. Proceeding to question the pupil as to how he had imbibed such an idea of the meaning of the word generation, he elicited the fact that it was due to the boy having seen a photograph of a classmate named Tommy Jones, who had been photographed with his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, the picture, which was exhibited in a local photographer's window, being entitled "Four Generations."

Couldn't Expect It.

A WEALTHY gentleman, spending a holiday in Scotland, saw a splendid specimen of a collie dog, and asked the owner what he would take for the dog.

"Ah, but you'll be taking him back to London?" the Scot asked cautiously.

"Certainly, that is my intention, if you'll sell him to me."

"I no could part wi' Bob," the dog's owner then said emphatically. "I'm over fond-like o' him." And even the liberal offer which the visitor made was no inducement.

To his surprise, however, he later saw the dog sold to a drover for half what he had offered, and he asked for an explanation.

"You said you could not sell him," he said to the Scot.

"No, I didna say I could not sell him; I said I could not part wi' him," said the Highlander. "Bob'll be hame in two or three days from noo; but I couldna ask him to coom all the way frae London. Na, that would be too much to ask!"

FIRST YOUTH: "Hullo, old man; what are you goin' to do?"

Second Youth: "Nothing."

First Youth: "How about a walk? I think it would do us both good."

Second Youth: "So do I. Good-bye."

Merely an Oversight.



CHAMPIONS IN OUTDOOR SPORTS.

Pictured by Pen and Photograph.

THIS has been an unusually exciting year so far as battles for the various championships are concerned, and if the Mother country has lost rather heavily, some account of those who have triumphed will probably be none the less interesting.

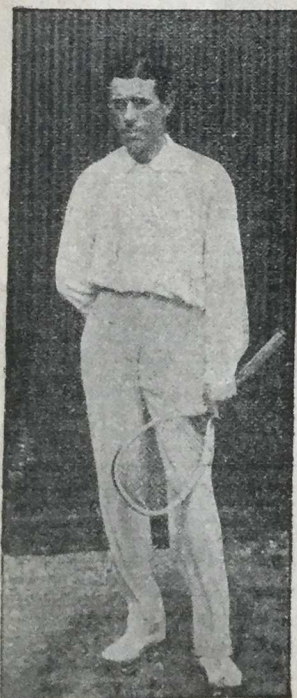
One of the greatest surprises of the season



MR. J. DE G. EDEY.
(From a Photograph.)

has been Mr. J. de G. Edye, who won the Wingfield Sculls. Although twenty-five next birthday, Edye was practically a novice in the matter of racing boats until the present year. So little had he done at regattas that last summer he was able to enter for the Junior Sculls at Staines, in which event he scored a victory. At Henley he competed, last July, for the Diamonds, and lost, but he proved himself a powerful oarsman, and gave his German opponent an extremely hard fight. Edye trained for Henley under Bill East, the ex-champion, who states that he never had a pupil who learnt so much in the space of four weeks as this brilliant young sculler.

In the Metropolitan Regatta, Edye led Captain Darrell a long way, but once more was



MR. NORMAN BROOKES.
(From a Photograph.)

fated to suffer defeat. In the Wingfields, however, he retrieved himself and registered a magnificent triumph. He is an engineer by profession, and is as keen on sculling as any man breathing. Those who are best capable of judging declare that, provided his form does not deteriorate, he will capture the Diamonds next year for a certainty.

David Billington, the champion swimmer at distances that are not officially reckoned long, has succeeded in doing what few others have done this year—he has gone abroad and beaten opponents who were immeasurably better acquainted with the water than he was. In the cross-Paris swimming race he pounded through seven and a quarter miles of the Seine in 2 hr. 18 min. 26 sec., thus beating the previous best—that of Jarvis, whose time was 2 hr. 50 min. Billington, who comes from the North country, had an easy victory, keeping ahead from the start. By the bye, the competitor from whom he had most to fear was a French boy named Estrade, fifteen years of age only, who passed the post six minutes behind him.

Billington is an amazing swimmer. His pace is so phenomenal that when he is on the go one wonders what on earth the fish must think. Unfortunately, he is not a cross-Channel swimmer. He has had a shot at this stupendous task and failed—more's the pity. A huge number of prizes have fallen to him, and he has deserved



MR. DAVID BILLINGTON.
(Photo: Lord, Bacup.)

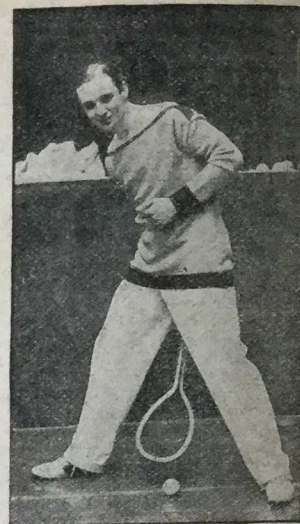
every one of them, for he is a genuine sportsman and invariably does his best.

The lawn tennis champion of the year is, of course, Mr. Norman Brookes, of Australia, who not only accounted for the singles in the Dwight-Davis competition, but won the All-England Lawn Tennis Championship. Mr. Brookes, who is undoubtedly the finest tennis player in the world, has had extraordinary success this summer. In his four matches in the singles he lost but one set, and in practically every contest in which he has figured he has shown that he can triumph under any circumstances.

Mr. Brookes, who is 31, was educated at Melbourne Grammar School, and developed a love for outdoor sport when he was a small boy. It was on leaving school, where, by the way, he was considered a splendid bowler, that he began to devote himself seriously to the game at which he is so proficient, and in the course of time he was given a place in the inter-State lawn tennis teams of Victoria.

At this juncture his form was nothing out of the common, but on seeing the American service he was so struck by it that he adopted it. He practised it for all he was worth, with the result that to-day he is the best server on the face of the globe. In fact, his serves generate a veritable funk! He is not merely champion, but triple champion, for in the All-England matches he won the doubles with Wilding and the mixed with Mrs. Hildyard, as well as the singles. Mr. Brookes plays left-handed, and hopes to add to his triumphs that of the golf championship of Australia.

The King's Prize, presented at Bisley this



MR. JAY GOULD.
(From a Photograph.)

year, went to Australia, in the keeping of Lieutenant Addison. Although a representative of the Commonwealth, the lieutenant is of English stock, his parents hailing from Staffordshire. He is a large-proportioned man, broad-shouldered, exceedingly muscular, and over six feet in height. Thirty-two years of age, he came to England for the first time this summer. His occupation is that of a wheat merchant, and, notwithstanding that he has a big business, he has for a long while practised rifle shooting regularly. Like thousands of Colonials, he is accustomed to spend many of his evenings at the butts, the consequence being that he has won trophy after trophy at rifle meetings.

He was an excellent shot years ago, but in this respect he was no different from vast numbers of his countrymen. In Australia the men consider it their duty to become proficient with the gun, the idea being that every Colonial should be able to defend his home. Lieutenant Addison and his companions from Australia,



LIEUTENANT ADDISON.
(From a Photograph.)

by means of their accurate marksmanship at Bisley, possessed themselves of the sum of £1,400.

Mr. Jay Gould, the amateur tennis champion, is, we all know, an American. He comes of one of the wealthiest families on the other side of the Atlantic, and is little more than a boy. It was his victory against Mr. Eustace Miles that won him the championship, and, marvellous as it was, it cannot be said to have been unexpected. Mr. Gould does not look a particularly robust youth or one possessed of great

powers of endurance, yet he can keep pretty fresh throughout the most tiring of games.

He is of medium height and slim of build, and, strange to relate, does little or no special training. He eats what he pleases, and actually makes a practice of spending the evening before the day on which he has a match at a theatre. On returning home from the play he has a first-rate supper, and reads in bed until about two in the morning. This system, he says, enables him to avoid attacks of nerves. He is a cheerful fellow, and one who never puts on "side." By securing the amateur championship he gratified one of the dearest ambitions of his life. Had he been defeated this year he intended to keep on trying for it until luck came his way. He is a non-smoker and a teetotaler.

Ben Jones, who won the one mile and the ten miles bicycle championships of the British Empire the other day, is a Wigan lad and a real wonder with the wheel. He is a little fellow, but extremely muscular and as hard as nails, while, in addition, he is possessed of the rarest grit. Something must also be said for his judgment. He seems to be able to size up the capacity of an opponent on the instant, and there is no doubt that this remarkable gift



MR. BEN JONES.

(Photo: Doughty, Stretford.)

has enabled him to achieve more than one victory which without it he might not have been able to claim.

Jones takes to the saddle as a duck does to water. He is absolutely in his element when pedalling in a hard race, and never by any chance loses his head. He won the mile championship in 2 min. 48½ sec. and the ten miles in 28 min. 24½ sec. Jones is a modest young fellow, and very popular. Of late he has come on rapidly.

Arnaud Massey, who has taken the Open Golf Championship to France, has been a follower of the game of which he is such a distinguished ornament nearly all his life. As a small boy it was the greatest joy of his life to walk in the wake of the players on the links, and when he was able to wield a club himself he was in the seventh heaven of delight. Even as a youth he showed great promise, for he had considerable natural skill and was painstaking.

Massey learnt some of his golf in Scotland; and both the land of the thistle and the Emerald Isle have claimed him as their own, but he belongs rightfully to France, Biarritz being the place where he really mastered the sport. He is an exceptionally reliable player, and, though accustomed to favourable climatic conditions, he was quite at home in the somewhat rough weather that raged when he battled for the championship. Massey is very popular, and is expected to do even better than he has done up to the present.

We may add that in a subsequent issue of "Chums" we purpose to deal with some other champions and give their portraits.

"THE vane on the church steeple says the wind is East."

"Well, that is pretty high authority."

Puzzled Him.

DURING the holidays a youth happened to be visiting at a country house near the scene of one of Cromwell's historic battles. Strolling out one day by himself he met the village blacksmith returning from a shoeing expedition.

"I say," he said, genially, "I understand there was a big battle fought somewhere about here!"

"Well—er," stammered the blacksmith, eyeing the stranger in amazement, "I did 'ave a round or two with Bill Blythe, but I don't know how you came to hear of it."

Chums Should Note.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT advises young men to make a note each day of the answer to the question:

"What have I done this day to better myself?"

He declares that it requires a considerable amount of courage to persevere in the practice honestly, because we have so often to fill up the day's record "Nothing."

But it is the fact that we are likely to get annoyed at seeing such an unsatisfactory answer day after day that will help us.

Lawyers attach enormous importance to having agreements between persons set down in black and white. A good deal of virtue attaches to having matters relating to one's self also recorded in the same grim fashion. One cannot "wriggle" out of them so easily.

In Reply.

An astonishing advertisement appeared some time back in a provincial newspaper. It asked for a "Smart Office Boy," at a wage of two shillings a week.

In one of the replies the writer, who was evidently older than the average office boy, said:

"I beg to offer you my services. I am fourteen years of age, and understand the French, German, Spanish, and Russian languages, and am at the present time studying the Fiji language. I also understand shorthand, and can write 100 words per minute. I am a fair knock-out at window-cleaning, being in possession of three medals for same. I have a fair knowledge of all the local reformatories. I would commence at 1s. 10d. per week, and be willing for the 10d. to remain in the business (at interest to be arranged at interview.) Should you deem my application worthy of a reply, I should be happy to put in an appearance with my boots well polished."

"P.S.—Should you require a premium, I could put down £100, and also provide a guarantee of £1,000. Would the 1s. 10d. include tea on Sunday? and should I have to work on that day?"

As He Said.

THE talk had turned to the subject of present-day giants.

"The biggest man I ever saw," said the host's son, "was a really big fellow. Why, he stood eight feet—"

"Oh, cut it short!" cried the others in chorus. "Come down a little from that height."

"I am telling you nothing but the truth. He stood eight feet six—"

"Now, look here!" exclaimed the young man's parent, "you can't get us to believe that, and there's no sense in talking such nonsense."

"If you will be kind enough to wait till I finish, you will all acknowledge that I am telling nothing but what is perfectly true. The man stood eight feet six inches—"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Eight feet six inches away from me," concluded the misbelieved youth, with a calm smile, as he walked off amid the groans of his listeners.

SCHOOLMASTER: "Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?"

Johnny Bright: "Heat; anybody can catch cold."

JACK: "I think a horse knows more than a dog."

John: "I don't."

Jack: "Quite likely. I was speaking of a horse."



— **Girls as Well.**—The headmaster of Eton, Canon Lyttelton, recently suggested that in the year 2000 the great secondary schools of England, with Eton at their head, might take charge of boys and girls together.

— **Not to be Satisfied.**—"Nothing seems to satisfy him," was the remark made to a magistrate concerning a boy offender. The magistrate recommended the application of the birch, but probably that also failed to satisfy the discontented youth.

— **But it Failed.**—Ingenious was the plan of a youthful cyclist, who running short of lamp oil after dusk placed glow-worms in his lamp. Unfortunately it "didn't work," for he was stopped by a policeman and eventually fined.

— **They All Passed.**—At the recent "passing-out" examination at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, fifty-six cadets passed, and left the college for a further period of training in the cruiser *Cumberland*. Not a single candidate failed to pass.

— **Harassed by Hairpins.**—Boy bathers at Wandsworth Public Baths have had their feet badly torn by ladies hairpins. The attention of lady bathers has been called to the fact, with a view to their hair being secured in a less dangerous way.

— **Chose Danger Before Fruit.**—Even the opportunity of robbing an orchard possesses less attraction for many boys than a chance of breaking their necks. A country policeman, for example, told a representative of "Chums" that he had far more trouble in preventing village lads from walking over a dangerous railway parapet than from keeping them out of the local fruit gardens.

— **With Drawbacks.**—We are so accustomed to have the Germans held up to us as models of industry and efficiency that it is interesting to learn, on the authority of a German scientist, that the nation is paying a heavy price for its superiority. In short, owing to the way in which the brains of German schoolboys are taxed by excessive study, cases of nervous breakdown are alarmingly on the increase.

— **Marked for Future Reference.**—A curious discovery was that recently made by a boy named Sampson, who discovered a huge turtle bearing, carved on its shell in two places, the dates 1840 and 1316. Further inquiry revealed the strange fact that the dates (and other markings) had been made by the lad's grandfather and great-grandfather, each of whom had marked the turtle for identification in the years mentioned.

— **Schoolboys on Tramp.**—A band of nearly fifty Manchester boys and teachers spent several days this summer on a splendid walk through the hills and dales of Derbyshire. Twelve miles a day was the rule, and while on the ramble they visited places of interest en route and studied the animal and plant life. This is the seventh year in which this pleasant programme has been carried out under the direction of Mr. B. South, for thirty years headmaster of Bank Meadow School, Ardwick.

— **Asked and Granted.**—"Sir,—We boys could play cricket if we had bats and stumps. We have a ball. There are nine of us. Will you give them to us? Respectfully yours —" Such was the letter which reached the chairman of a Board of Guardians the other day from the workhouse boys. Much amusement was caused at the Board by this cool request, and being generously disposed, the guardians made a collection amongst themselves, realising sufficient to provide the boys with the bats and stumps.

— **Dived into a Whirlpool.**—John Craig, of Oswestry, has an especial claim to honour as a boy hero; for, in the attempt to save the life of a drowning lad, he actually dived into a whirlpool in the river Dee, near Ruabon. The drowning boy had been drawn into the whirlpool by the tremendously strong current while he was bathing, and young Craig dived no fewer than five times into the perilous waters after him, unhappily without success. The plucky young swimmer deservedly won high praises from the coroner and the jury.

Why Not Write for "Chums"?

For insertion in OUR STAMP COLUMN, letters on Stamps and Stamp Collecting in general are invited from readers. They should not exceed about 200 words in length, and may deal with the subject in any way as long as they are of interest to all, whether collectors or not. To the writer of each contribution printed we shall send a Handsome Illustrated Volume.

The Life is a Hard One.

THE detective's life is not infrequently pictured as being an extremely attractive and interesting one, but those who know the drudgery of his employment, not to mention the risk to life and limb, tell a very different tale.

Fancy the awful monotony of watching one house day after day for weeks together, and this sometimes when obliged to lie at full length in a wretched garret or hay-loft.

Yet such work is frequent in the career of a detective officer, and woe be to him if the man he wants escapes his vigilance, and is known by the detective's superior officer to have left the house undetected.

There is no stated hour when a detective's work ceases—that is, when he is on an important case. Sometimes for nights together he is out in the wet and cold, standing in a draughty passage, maybe, waiting for the return home of a man who is wanted.

Many other instances of the detective's arduous duties might be cited, all of which would go to prove that his lot is a far from pleasant one.

IMPRISONED WITH A BURNING FUSE.

"It Was Now Nearing the Dynamite!"



HE was known for miles around as the pariah of Red Cañon, a murderous, immense fellow with a slash of white on his breast. He had been hunted by the farmers a dozen times, but it was reserved for a youngster named Andy Comber to meet him in a queer,

terrible death-and-life battle.

I am speaking of a grizzly bear who came somewhere out of the Bitter Root Mountains and gave no end of trouble to the farmers in northern Idaho (continues the ranchman who tells this true and exciting tale). One morning Abe Comber had found two of his best sheep with their necks broken and their bodies frightfully mauled.

"The work of the pariah!" cried Abe. "This settles it! I am going to put a bullet in that beast if it takes me a week to find him."

"I'll come too," said Andy, his boy.

"No, you don't," answered Abe. "This is no work for you."

But when the farmer was gone, Andy, who had a pretty shrewd idea where to find the grizzly, called his dog Grip, and prepared to set out on his own account. First he went to the harness-room and lifted a rifle from its pegs. From a long box where the workmen engaged in excavating a cellar for the new barn kept their kits he removed a small object which he wrapped carefully in cotton fibre. It was a dynamite cartridge. Then he sauntered with assumed indifference down the driveway. He did not wish to betray too much relish for the business of bear-hunting while the keen eye of his father was upon him. Presently he reached the foothills.

The lank firs climbing above him stood unusually black and forbidding. The vast uplift of rock had always seemed to Andy mysterious and awe-inspiring. It was in its grimmest mood now, its tip shrouded in a grey sea of storm-clouds.

Andy had discovered bear tracks in this spot two days back, but he had kept his secret, for it was the wish of his heart to kill this bear single-handed.

Half an hour's scrambling brought him to a wide V-shaped fissure. The rubble before it was trodden down. The dry, grey rib-bone of a lamb lay at one side, and Andy's sharp eyes detected some coarse black hairs clinging to the edges of the opening.

"Silence, Grip!" he warned, for the dog was snarling.

Holding his rifle ready, he walked slowly into the fissure. It ran back straight and

gradually increasing in dimensions for a surprising distance. In the half-darkness Andy made out several dim galleries leading into the main cave, but investigation convinced him that the bear had not passed through them.

Presently Grip made a little, low gurgling in his throat. He brushed by Andy's legs and went gallantly to the front, mincing like a cat, while his long lower jaw worked.

Andy felt his heart beat more rapidly. Feeling sure the bear was near, he ordered Grip to heel in a stern whisper, and pulling a bit of candle from his pocket, lighted it with fingers that were not quite steady.

Holding his hat behind the flame and the rifle under one arm, he walked gently forward, until a deep, inquiring growl told him he had better stop. He moved the light, which became reflected in two round spots of green in the darkness ahead. He put the light down and remained still, undecided whether to risk a shot between those glowing orbs. Suddenly there was a savage snarl, and the bear retreated round a sudden twist in the gallery.

"No going after you there," murmured Andy. "A nice little trap, which I don't mean to walk into. I have a much better idea."

He proceeded to unwrap the cotton from the dynamite cartridge, and set it gingerly on a cleft in the rock floor. Then he applied the candle to the detonating snaky fuse. It ignited with a splutter, and a tiny spark began to crawl down the coil.

"Come along, Grip!" cried Andy.

He hurried towards where he thought the entrance was. The dog seemed reluctant to go that way, and Andy had to drag him forcibly. Excited as he was, he paid no attention to his surroundings until he was suddenly stopped by a dead wall!

II.

ANDY'S heart almost ceased to beat. For the first time he noticed how absolutely dark was the place. Releasing Grip, he swept the wall with an anxious hand. He was in a cul-de-sac at the end of one of the smaller side galleries.

For a moment he hesitated, chilled by the thought of the small red spark crawling inexorably on its errand, for it was now nearing the dynamite! Then, clutching Grip, he ran stumbling down the passage.

He came out into the main chamber, recognizing it by its width, and turned to the right. The fuse would only burn ten minutes, and then—How much time he had wasted or how far away lay the entrance he could not tell.

It seemed any time, no time, since he had left the pariah's lair. Rocks that he had not noticed before rose maliciously in his path and sent him sprawling. The loose rubble slid like sand under his feet, and he collided with the walls, cutting his hands and bruising his shoulders.

Suddenly he saw a circle of light ahead. It was the open air. Could he reach it in time? He raced forward madly. Then, with a great sigh, he felt the air sucked inward. The next instant it was belched forth with a shaking roar, and Andy was hurled upon his face with a force that stunned him.

An anxious whine and the lick of a wet tongue convinced him that he was still alive. He crawled to his knees, half-strangled by the gaseous and earthy air.

What had become of the grizzly?

The question did not occur to him at that moment. Leaning on Grip, he staggered forward and stumbled over his rifle. Apparently it had sustained no injury. Using it as a staff, Andy reached the cave's exit, where he sat down on a flat rock, too unnerved and exhausted to move farther.

He failed to notice the lank-muzzled, wavering head of the grizzly as it emerged from the fissure; but Grip perceived the peril, and sprang up with a wild bark of challenge.

Andy stared at the bear, too astonished to think of shooting. Luckily for the hunter, the grizzly wasn't feeling at all up to the mark. He was more dazed than Andy. With eyes half-closed and huge jaws open, he swayed drunkenly as he inhaled the fresh air.

As Andy's surprise passed he sprang to his feet. He had not a moment to lose, but the short range meant a safe shot. The bullet sped to the brain, and the grizzly fell dead across its own threshold.

THE HISPANIOLA PLATE.

A True Treasure Hunt of Two Centuries.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON,
Author of "In the Day of Adversity,"
"The Year One," etc.

CHAPTER IX. (continued).

The Old Man's Story.

WE talked long with this poor relic of the past—who so angered Phips with his recollections of the dead and the gone, especially the girls, that he almost ordered him out of the ship—and, indeed, it did seem as if at last we had lighted on some good news. He said, when he could persuade no one to believe or lend a hand to search further, he went away to the mines of Hayna, in the interior, where a fresh find of gold was made, and there he stayed for all the years, making a little livelihood and forgetting all about the plate ship.

Then, having at last struck ninety—on which he laid great stress, as though an action of credit done by himself—he came back to Porto, where he belonged, and fell in with Juan. And this black told us that when he did, indeed, come back, and heard that we had been and gone, he fell into such a paroxysm of rage and grief that he nearly died, "for now," said he, "my chance is gone."

So the old figger thought all was lost to him, and bemoaned his fate and night went mad, until one day the Buzo went off to find him and tell him that the Captain Phips was come once more back, but in another ship. Whereupon he did once more go nearly mad, this time with joy, and then made Juan bring him out in his periagua to us.

So, after hearing all this, Phips says to him—"Supposing you put us in the way to find this plate, what terms are we to make? What do you want?"

"Half," says the old man. "I am now ninety years of age. I want to be rich for the rest of my life."

"Tush!" says the Captain, "this is foolishness. Why should I give you half? I know now the carrack has shifted; I can find it for myself. You shall have nothing."

"No, no!" screamed the old Portygee, while the big black negro began to mutter; and then Geronimo, as he was called, threw himself down on his knees with most marvellous dexterity for his great age. "No, no!" says he, "not that I will tell you, and you shall offer me what you will. Me and Juan. Give us what you will."

"Indeed I shall," says Phips, "seeing that you came to me, and not I sought you. Therefore, let us see. How much, think you, is there below the water?"

"The Saints only know," said Geronimo, "but since she was taking home to Spain the fortunes of many from Cuba, as the sailors told me, she must have been full. Oh! Signor Capitano, promise me something, give me something!" and he clasped the Captain's legs about and wept.

"Well, now," says Phips, "see what I will do for you. You and this negro diver shall tell me exactly where she lies, or as near as may be, and if I find her you shall have this."

"The Saints bless you, capitano; I am nearly ninety years."

"Be still. You shall have this between you, the negro to dive for me with my own English diver. You shall have for every five pounds of silver or of gold, one ounce, no matter whether we find much or little. Are you content?"

At first both of them began to grumble, saying it was not enough. But soon Phips persuaded them to reason in a way that was all his own.

"Then," says he, doing so all in an appearance of sudden violence, "begone out of my ship. Away with you! What! shall I come from England twice to find what I knew of a surety five years ago was here, only to traffic with such as you, and you?" pointing his finger at each. "Nay, never! We will find it by ourselves. Begone, I say!"

But to begone was not their purpose, since very well they knew that without us they could do nought. Strange as it may seem—and very

strange it was—none in Hispaniola would hearken to the story of the plate ship lying so near—for the Boylers are not a dozen leagues out from the island—and so would do nothing, and therefore they could do nought themselves. For to do anything a small vessel at least was wanted, and the means wherewith to dive—and certainly the Portygee had no money for this, while the black was little less than a beggar. Therefore, at once they sang another song, becoming directly very lowly, and saying, "Well, then, they would take the Captain's offer," only I liked not the look on the face of Juan, the Buzo, and from that moment determined to watch him well.

Now, therefore, I have to say that all terms were made, and we were ready to go out to the reef. We bought a tender, and we meant when we got to our little isle of old, where the second mutiny was, to make some canoes of some excellent cotton trees that were there, with which we could go about, and get better when near the reef down into the water.

The negro Juan was to come, first as diver, next as on behalf of himself and Geronimo to see we played fair, and he it was also to whom the Portygee confided the exact spot where he had seen the rail float up years ago, since he would not tell us, saying Juan would take us to the place.

So we went away, being delayed, however, two days by the accursed Blackamoor, who we thought at first had played us false—perhaps, indeed, found new employers who would pay him better. However, at last we saw him coming out in his periaga—and none too soon neither, since we meant to go without him next morning if he came not, and try our luck alone—and when he and his craft were gotten aboard, he excused himself by saying he had been having a *festa* on shore and getting drunk with some of his friends.

"Good," says Phips when he heard this, "only, my black treasure, remember there is no drunkenness for you here. Because, you see," he went on, "I'm Captain aboard this craft, and if anyone displeases me I let them understand it. So, if you want to keep your brains in your head and your ebony skin whole, remember that. And now, bos'un," says he, "pipe all hands on deck and loose sail for the reef."

CHAPTER X.

The Wreck is Found.

AND NOW I have to write down what we found, only, as such long writing is even now difficult to me, I must do it in my own fashion. And that fashion is, that I can do nothing except by proceeding leisurely and describing each incident as it came about. Which I now again attempt.

The soft wind carried us out past the Boylers the next day at noontide, and then, as we went by, we parted with our tender, the ship going on to our little isle of old. For 'twas here we meant to construct the cotton-wood canoes, to take in some of the island water—the sweetest I ever tasted, which caused us to take it from there—and to leave some stores.

The tender which we left behind—though not very far, since the isle was but three leagues beyond the Bajo—was in charge of our master mate, as he was rated, an old King's man like myself, and, like myself, sick of the King's service.

He was a good sailor and named Ayscough. His orders were to proceed to whatever point near that the African should suggest as the reputed place where the carrack was shifted to; to anchor if possible, or, if not, to put out the floating anchors, and there to remain until we returned. But no matter what was perceived, even should it be the carrack herself at the bottom, neither our own diver nor the Black was to be allowed to descend, especially not the last.

Then, having given these orders, we did remain on our isle two days, what time Phips worked as hard as any man in the ship with his own hands, shaping and arranging of the cotton-wood canoes, inspiring every one with his ardours and cheering them on. What, however, did not cheer any of us, was a finding that some of the bodies of the mutineers of the isle had the sand blown all off them where they were buried on the beach, and that their skeletons were lying white and bleached before us. Verily, a dreadful memorial of their wickedness!

Moreover, another thing we saw, which we liked not any too well; namely, we found drawn up in a little cove a ship's boat, with on it the name, "The *Etoyle*, Providence," and in it many ropes, hooks, and head-bladders, all carefully wrapped up and evidently for use in diving.

"Now," says Phips, "this is not well. There is nought to dive for here but one thing—the Plate Ship—therefore it seems to me that someone else has been about our office. Yet it is certain they have not been successful. Had they been we must have heard of it at Porto. What think you, Nick?"

"That depends," says I, "on which Providence those who own the boat hail from. If 'tis that of the Bahamas, then 'tis very well, since they are ours again since '66, and as King James takes his tenth of our find, we have the precedence of all. So 'tis if it's that by Connecticut, which is but a hamlet. But if 'tis that off Honduras, then 'tis bad, since 'tis inhabited by buccaneers only, if inhabited at all; and, if them, we may have some trouble."

"Well, well," says he, "we must see. Meanwhile I incline to it hailing from the Bahamas. For look you, Nick, 'Providence' is good

bottom was not more than twenty fathoms below where we were anchored, and that the tallow brought up soft sand and limestone, which showed a good bed.

"Therefore," says Phips, "you can reach the bottom, can you not?"

"If not, sir," says he, "I can at least descend so far as to see the bottom, and if then I find the wreck it shall go hard but that I will get down to her. My diving chest can sink easily to forty feet, and with Mister Halley's new dress I am confident I can touch the bottom here."

"So be it," says Phips, "and now about the Black. Here, you, sir," then he calls out to Juan, who was even now leaning over the gunwale, peering down into the hot sea, "come here and tell us how you propose to reach the bottom."

"That very easy, sir," answered he; "I have new dress Massa Woods lend me, which I am sure I manage very nicely. I go down if the Signor Captain wish me."

"No," says Phips, "Woods shall go down first."



"THEIR SKELETONS WERE LYING WHITE AND BLEACHED BEFORE US."

English and not Spanish, as most of the buccaneers are. And by the same token it may be the Providence in our own American colonies. Moreover, the buccaneers as a rule put no marks in their crafts."

"Etoyle," says I, "is not English, though!"

"Neither," replies he, "is it Spanish. And," with his fierce lion look upon his face, he went on, "belong it either to English, French or Spanish colonist or to pirate, they shall not have our treasure while we are above water."

So, all being done, we went back to rejoin the tender.

Now, when we got to her we heard that the Blackamoor had directed that she should proceed to a spot immediately on the other, or eastern, side of the reef, from which we had previously fished, since there it was that the old man, Geronimo, had laid down that we should find the wreck.

So Ayscough had taken her to this spot, namely, half a league away from the Boylers, and we found all preparations made for a descent, Juan, the Buzo, being particularly keen to go down at once. But now we summoned our own diver—a straightforward, honest Englishman, whose name was Woods—to come and confer with us, and asked him what he thought. Then he told us that the soundings were good enough for a descent, since the

And since 'tis a calm morning, get you ready now, Woods."

At once the man did this, going forward to where he berthed in the ship, and returning presently a strange figure to behold, since now he was all enveloped in Mr. Halley's new improved dress, all over cords for lowering and pipes for a-taking in the air.

"For," says he, "I will try this, sir, now, and see how far I can go down."

You may be sure all watched him with eagerness. For besides that we hoped he should find below what we sought, but few of us had ever seen this dress before, and were almost afraid of what might come to him. Yet, he assured us, we need to have no fear; he had made many experiments and descents as trials at home in the sea and river Thames, and was confident of what he could do.

So, as calmly as if he were going down the stairs of a house, he bade the sailors lower him over from the gangway, and descended by the lines he had arranged, and was gone beneath the sea, and in a few moments there was nought but a few bubbles to mark the spot where he had been.

Presently we knew by a signal agreed upon with those who held the ropes, that he had reached the bed, and then by the paying out of his pipes that he was moving about. And so

he stayed thus for some twelve minutes, when we also knew he was returning to below the ship, and then there came the next signal to haul him up again, which, being done, his great helmet with its fierce goggle eyes appeared above the water once more, he following.

Tied on to him he bore two things, one a great beam of wood in which were stuck pieces of jagged rock, which looked for all the world like the great teeth of some beast that had been fastened in't and then broken off—they were indeed bits of the reef—the other a great piece of limestone as big as my head, all crusted and stuck over with little disks or plates, which were, we found, rusty pieces of eight.

"A sign! A sign!" says Phips, taking them from him; "now get your breath, Woods, and tell us what you have found," and this the man did, puffing and blowing freely for a time ere he could speak.

Then he said, "Of the wreck, sir, I have seen nought, but, surely I have found the track. All the bottom of the sea is scored as though some great thing had passed over it, and everywhere there lie great lumps of limestone such as this, and great beams such as that."

"Ha!" says Phips, and with that he takes the diver's axe and splits open the lump, and there, wedged in all over it, were many more rusty old pieces. "Ha! she has left a silver track as she passed along. Go on."

"So I do think, sir," says the diver, "and she cannot be afar off where I descended, unless she is all gone to pieces. And even then the bed of the sea must be full of all she had gotten inside her. But, sir, I think this is not so; I think she has been brought up short, for, close by, as I gather, is another reef."

"How far off? How far off?" suddenly called out the Captain, full of strange excitement.

"Not two cables off, I think, sir," replies Woods, "since the bottom where I was begins to rise towards it, and therefore—"

"And therefore," exclaims Phips, "it is the reef itself! Marvellous strange it seemed to me that a great Spanish galleon should have shifted at the bottom of the sea—wherever heard of a ship that moved below the water?—yet all would have it so; even you, Woods, thought so yourself! But now I know all. She struck upon a spur of the reef and not the reef itself, and she has never moved. In which direction does the rise of bottom of which you speak begin?"

The diver look't round, tracing his course beneath, and then, pointing to the Boylers, or Bajo, said, "There, sir."

"Why, so 'tis, of course," says Phips. "And, as I say, her keel took the first, or outside spur of the reef as she passed along, and she never got nearer to the main one. She is there! She is there! Hearts up, my lads, we have found the treasure ship!"

(To be continued; commenced in No. 779.)

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—IX.

THIS narrative, written by Nicholas Crafer, for the perusal of any one of his descendants who might come into possession of it, was discovered in the cellars of an ancient Fleet Street bank, where new premises were about to be built.

Captain William Phips receives a commission from King Charles II. to go out in command of the *Alger Rose* to search for the treasure lost in a Spanish plate ship, wrecked off the shores of Hispaniola, the original name of Hayti. Before he starts on the voyage an astrologer or geomancer tells Phips that he will not find that which he seeks until he is thirty-seven years old. Phips, nevertheless, determines to at once commence his quest, and with Nicholas Crafer as first lieutenant the *Alger Rose* sails to Hispaniola and anchors in Balsamo Bay, near a reef called the "Boylers."

Four years pass however, without anything being found, and at last Phips, having, in that time, suppressed two mutinies, is ordered to return to England. So, with a jeering farewell from one of his divers (a huge negro named Juan), he sails home to find that King Charles has been succeeded by James II. The latter refuses to fit out another expedition, but Phips, feeling confident of finding the treasure at the time predicted, by the astrologer, persuades Christopher Monk, the Duke of Albemarle, to finance him in a second effort. So, with Lieutenant Crafer with him, he sails again to Hispaniola. There, to enable them to search in two places at once, a tender is bought. Before they can start operations, however, Juan, the negro diver, brings to Phips an old Portuguese named Geronimo, who declares that he saw the plate ship come ashore, and afterwards made merry with the survivors. He adds, too, that the wreck has since moved, and that he knows where it can be found.

WILLIE: "Mother, you're not much of a prophet, are you?"

Mother: "What do you mean, Willie?"

Willie: "You said if I ate that cake that was in the pantry it would make me ill, but it didn't."

"Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain," declared the youth with the red tie.

"Are you sure?" inquired his friend in the straw hat.

"I'm quite certain of it!"

Then the straw-hatted friend laughed.

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EVERY reader, whether boy-Chum or girl-Chum, is invited to join in this Competition, which could not be of a more seasonable or more simple nature.

On page 139 I print in a Special Form a list of Winter Games and Pastimes, and what you have to do is to strike out all but the Ten which you like best. Next, add your name and address where indicated, and then ask someone who is not now a regular purchaser of "CHUMS," but who you think may become one, to add his or her name and address as a witness. When the Games and Pastimes not selected have been crossed out in the way described, cut out the form and send it addressed to "Winter Games, The Prize Editor of 'CHUMS,' La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.," on or before MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1907.

The Prizes named above will be given in order

of value to the Readers—one to each—whose Selections of Ten Winter Games and Pastimes most nearly correspond to the selection of the majority of competitors as shown by their lists. Each list, however, will be considered on its merits; in other words, I reserve the right to allow my own personal opinion as to the Games and Pastimes to form the standard by which each list will be judged.

Any number of forms may be sent, provided that each is signed by a different witness (a non-purchaser of "CHUMS," as already explained). No form that is not witnessed will be considered, and only one Prize will be awarded to any one competitor.

I cannot enter into any correspondence whatever in connection with the Competition; my decision as to the award of Prizes must be regarded as absolutely final; and it is only on this understanding that Competitors may take part in the Scheme.

ANOTHER SPLENDID OFFER.

A FREE WHEEL BICYCLE, SILVER WATCHES, Etc.

THE simplicity of the following Competition makes it possible for all Chums, young as well as old, to compete, while the numerous Prizes offered provide each competitor with a splendid opportunity of success. Moreover, it is of such a Novel and Entertaining nature that I feel confident it will appeal to every reader.

We picture here three different lads. To what town or place do you think they are going, judging from what they are shown to be doing? Select in each case from the three places we indicate, the one you think most probable.

The destination you choose for each lad in the picture must be written in the corresponding numbered space in the special form provided for the purpose on the opposite page. Then cut out the form and keep it by you, and also the size which has previously appeared, until I name a date for receiving them. This, as well as instructions how to send them, will be duly given by me in "CHUMS." The first six groups of pictures in connection with the Competition were printed in Nos. 770, 780, 781, 782, 783 and 784 of "CHUMS" (still to be obtained through any newsagent or bookseller, or direct from the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., post free, 8½d.), and others will appear in subsequent issues.

WHERE ARE THEY GOING?



19. Sandhurst—Sandown—Sandy.



20. Bushey—Bush Hill Park—Trim.



21. Bayswater—Water-beach—Portsea.

A Free Wheel "CHUMS" Bicycle, 6 "CHUMS" Silver Watches, 50 Handsome Illustrated Volumes, 12 Silver "CHUMS" Badges, Etc.,

will be awarded in order of value, to the readers who, at the end of the Competition, have selected what I consider to be the most likely destinations for the lads in the pictures, as denoted generally by the verdict of the competitors. Each complete set of names of towns or places, however, will be considered on its merits; in other words, I reserve the right to allow my own personal opinion to form the standard by which each set will be judged.

Only our printed forms, the seventh of which appears on p. 139, may be used in connection with the Competition. Competitors may send in as many complete sets of destinations as they choose, but only one prize will be awarded to any one competitor.

If you are undecided as to which destinations to select, you may, of course, consult your chums, and act if you wish to do so on their advice.

I cannot enter into any correspondence in connection with the Competition; my decision as to the award of Prizes must be considered absolutely final; and it is only on this understanding that competitors may take part in the scheme.

(N.B.—The Bicycle, a Pagan 2-speed gear "Gamage" Roadster, is fitted with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres, Free Wheel, and two rim brakes. Beautifully enamelled and gold-lined. Dust-proof ball bearings, usual parts nickel-plated on copper, and will be supplied by A. W. Gamage, Limited, the well-known sports outfitters, of Holborn, London.)

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To every Competitor residing in the British Isles who wins one of the Prizes offered in connection with the above Scheme, we shall give a Coupon (applicable only within the United Kingdom and Channel Islands) entitling the holder, subject to the printed conditions, to Free Insurance for one year of £100 in case of Death, and Special Compensation for Five Weeks for Total Disablement through an Accident while travelling by Railway, Omnibus, Tramcar, Four-wheel or Hansom Cab, or Steamboat; and £50 in case of Death while riding a Cycle.

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TO COLONIAL AND FOREIGN CHUMS.

The names of the Winners of the Prizes offered to Colonial and Foreign Readers in connection with our recent Map Drawing Competition will be found on p. 124.

Many of our readers resident at a long distance are necessarily debarred from taking part in some of our Competitions; but Special Offers of Prizes, such as that just referred to and the one contained in No. 779 of "CHUMS," from time to time appear. They are open only to readers living outside the British Islands; and the extended dates are intended to meet the difficulty to which we refer.

Our "Chums' Own Rhymes" and "Contributions" Competitions.

The adjudicators are busily engaged in examining the forms sent to us in connection with the above Schemes, and the results will be announced as soon as possible.

"Winter Games and Pastimes" Competition.

(See p. 138.)

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Association Football. | 2. Boxing. | 3. Chess. |
| 4. Curling. | 5. Dominoes. | 6. Draughts. |
| 7. Fencing. | 8. Golf. | 9. Gymnastics. |
| 10. Hockey. | 11. Lacrosse. | 12. Miniature Rifle Shooting. |
| 13. Paper Chase. | 14. Riding. | 15. Rugby Football. |
| 16. Skating. | 17. Tobogganing. | |

Competitor's

Full Name.....

Address.....

Full Name of Witness

[in accordance with the conditions on p. 138.]

Address.....

All except Ten of the above-named Winter Games and Pastimes to be *plainly crossed out in ink*, and the rest of the form to be filled in, and the whole sent to us, as explained on p. 138.

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"WHERE ARE THEY GOING?" COMPETITION.

FORM—No. 7.
(See Page 138.)

In connection with the pictures shown, the destinations I select are:—

19.....

20.....

21.....

Name.....

Address.....

No. 785.

This form to be cut out and kept by you in accordance with the directions printed on a 138.

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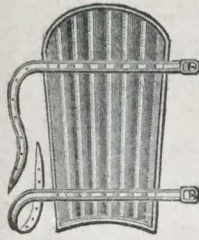
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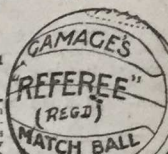
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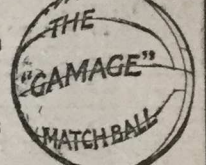
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